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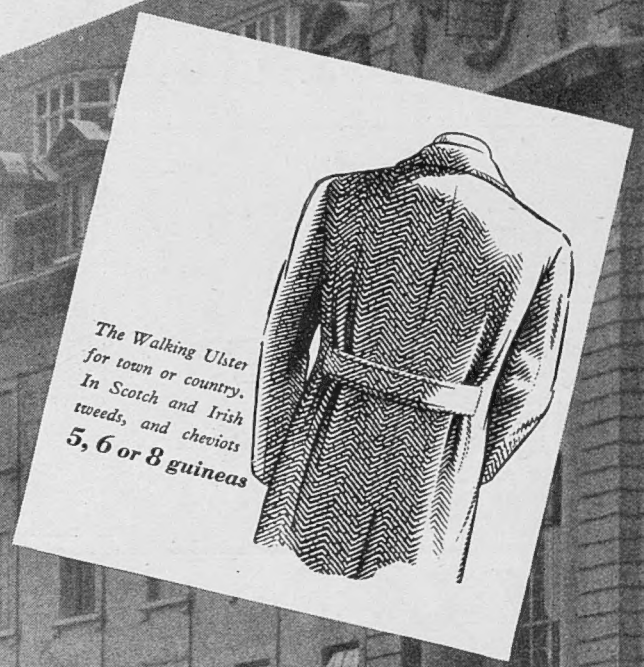

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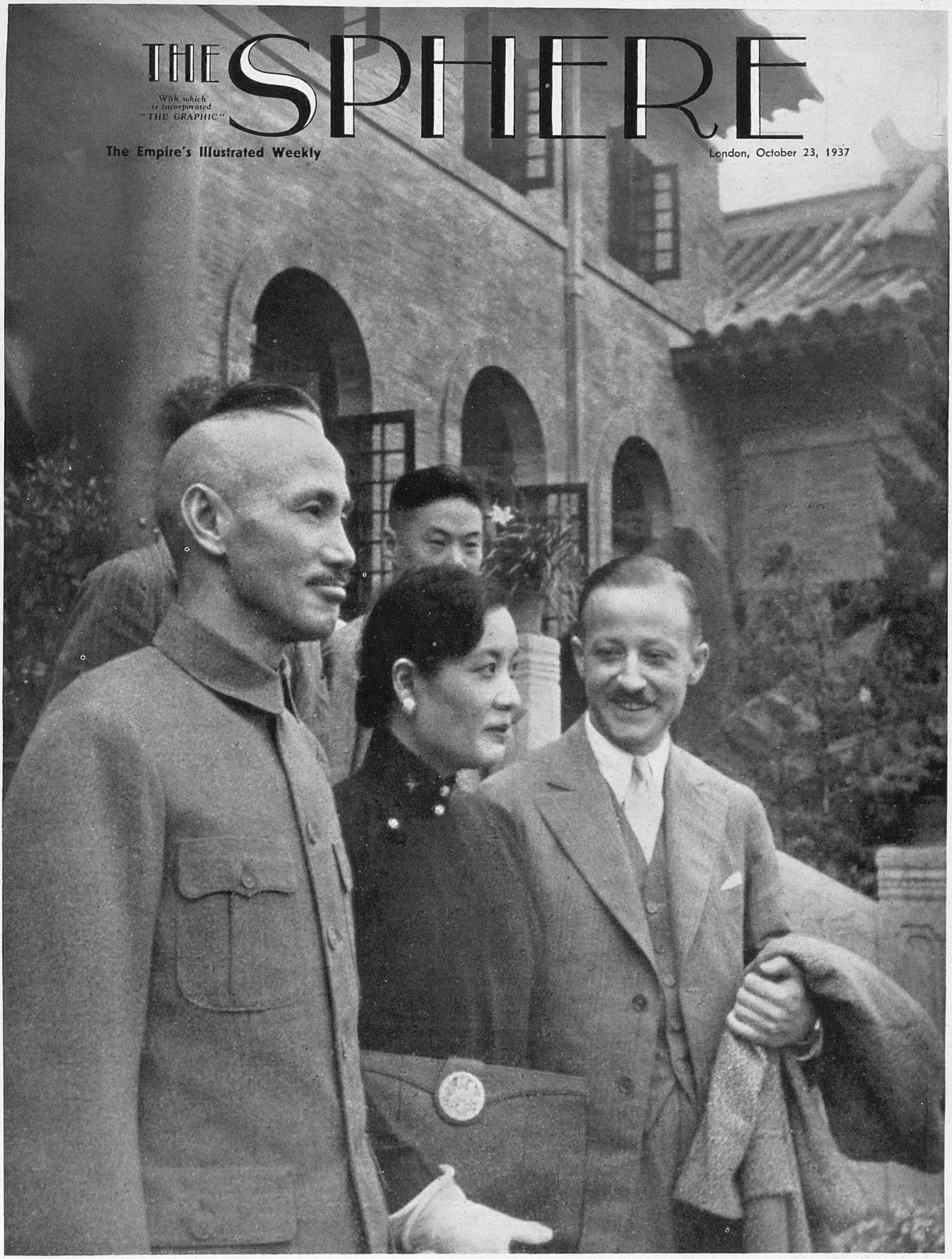

CHINA'S GENERALISSIMO

AND THE WOMAN WHO HELPS HIM RULE

General Chiang Kai-shek Receiving Newspaper Correspondents in Company with his American-educated Wife, Mei-ling

Right from the days of half legendary, half historic Semiramis, women have at times played their part in government and warfare, but few with more energy and brains than Mei-ling, the American-educated wife of China's Premier and Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, who, in this time of dire crisis for her country, is acting as her husband's adviser, as press censor, as secretary-general of the air force, as chief of the women's division of the semi-religious New Life Movement, and, most important of all, as organiser of the Red Cross. This remarkable woman, a member of the aristocratic Soong family, was born in Shanghai on March 25, 1898, and was sent by her parents at the age of ten to the Wesleyan College for Women at Macon, Georgia, where in company with her sister she was privately tutored for four years, afterwards continuing her studies in Massachusetts. While finishing her course in the United States her sister, Ching-ling, returned to China and married the great Sun Yat-sen, President of the Cantonese Republic, and it was ten years later, in 1927, that Mei-ling was betrothed to the war-lord Chiang Kai-shek. To-day husband and wife are working hand in hand to save the country, and there is no doubt that their courageous optimism is doing much to maintain the nation's morale

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THE QUEEN WITH THE LONDON SCOTTISH: Her Majesty inspecting the regiment, of which she is honorary Colonel-in-Chief, during the parade in the grounds of Buckingham Palace last Saturday. In command was Colonel L. D. Henderson, who joined the London Scottish as a private and is retiring this month after thirty-five years' service

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, October 20, 1937.

HANDING THE TORCH.—

Mr. Roosevelt is moving and America is stirring. America is taking the road—on a long journey whose start has been too long deferred—on which Britain has worn out her feet. The time has come, and there are indications that our Government realises it, when the torch which we have so long carried should be passed to hands less weary and disillusioned. For years we have taken the lead in all and every attempt to check the tide of international lawlessness and to stem the flood of suspicion and hatred that disintegrates the comity of nations and makes peace and prosperity and constructive planning impossible. No country is better placed than America to accept the trust. Geographically, because she is farther removed from the cockpit; psychologically, because she is less liable to be suspected of partiality or self-interest and because she will come fresher to grapple with some of the problems which have disillusioned us. She has not all our bitter memories of hope flowing and ebbing at Geneva. Like the rest of us, she has been through the mill but at least she has been able to devote more time to her own domestic problems than has any other great Power. No country is more sincerely and more anxiously set on peace—that is, on not having resort to war except in the last necessity to defend our land and peoples from attack—than Britain. But America, no less unalterably determined than we, can much more easily persuade the suspicious nations of her sincerity. She is not tarred with the black brush that has bespattered the nations of the Old World, and the blood, not of one, but of a dozen European nations mingles in her veins. The President was quite clear, the whole mass opinion of his nation shaped his words. War is unthinkable, the resort to force is only conceivable as the final means to avert national extinction. The methods of approach must be by diplomacy, by recreating agreements for freer trade, by economic give-and-take, by the eradication of the prime causes of hatred and jealousy, which are first and last economic. All this is triteness and truism. It has been said a hundred times and it is all that can be said. But every means by which it can be put into practice has not yet been tried and what is new and most hopeful about Mr. Roosevelt's declaration is that it envisages the possibility that another and a stronger hand may take the torch from our failing fingers. And I think we shall be glad to yield it up. It is high time that we "let the Archdeacon have a try," in the immortal words of Somerville and Ross, and devoted some of our attention to problems in our own streets (and highways).

BUSY DAYS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: Count Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, about to enter his car after attending a meeting of the Non-Intervention Sub-Committee that has been sitting in London and attempting to find ways and means of bringing about the withdrawal of foreign volunteers from Spain. According to a Rome statement Italy has exactly 40,000 troops in the peninsula

THE HARDY PERENNIAL.

—Mr. Harley Granville Barker's National Lecture (B.B.C.) on Shakespeare was, of course, not for the general. It contained the harvest of years of experience of the stage and of reflection and research concerning Shakespeare. Indeed, it was so full of meat that I fancy it will read even better than it was spoken, and I shall certainly read it, and slowly. Mr. Barker is worthy to deliver such a lecture. He was a competent actor, he has written great plays — *The Voysey Inheritance* I should rank among the first of our day —and he has co-operated in many departments of production. He has made a lifelong study of Shakespeare as poet, dramatist, and man, and has formed very clearly defined ideas about how the plays should be presented. The points from his lecture which impressed me most were four in number. The first (I seem to remember) he developed in a recent lecture—that the poetry of Shakespeare is his own scene painter and decor expert, and that those producers who over-elaborate the scenery, choke the poetry (which does the business far better) with weeds, and break the chain of sympathy between dramatist and public. Second, that compromise must guide our efforts to present the plays, the nice compromise which will best enable the man of 1937 to receive the highest ratio of the message sent out by the dramatist and acute observer of human affairs in 1597. For example, he must not go the whole hog, and reproduce the *conditions* of the old barn theatre of Elizabethan days. He must allow his audience the comfortable conditions they expect to-day and, with his great opportunities, so simplify his stage effects that Shakespeare may paint in his golden words the scene and environment of his fantasy, as he can, if undoctored and not over-elaborated, bring his audience in tune with the minds of the Elizabethans and of their political and social problems, anxieties and aspirations. And third: that the present day appeal of Shakespeare—greater than ever before, is explained by the fact that our own day is more nearly allied to the conditions of the Elizabethan than to any other era, before or since Shakespeare. It was (as it is) a time of breath-taking discovery. Science is doing for us what Drake and the Renaissance did physically and intellectually for the Elizabethans. Then, as now, it was a time of intense spiritual conflict. Standards of social morality, religious beliefs, political creeds, all were and are again in the melting pot. Every one of Shakespeare's plays was a mirror of his own day in whatever age it was set. The man himself was an inspired observer and interpreter of the average citizen's re-actions. Mr. Barker had a word to say on the national theatre. In his view, it could only be justified if the appointed management were so placed financially that they need not concern themselves with "box-office" questions but could give the care and forethought and preparation necessary for a really

RETURN TO THE "NATIVE": Guests waiting for the "off" at Colchester's traditional oyster feast held a few days ago at the Moot Hall. The Mayor, Major Gerald C. Benham, presided and many notabilities attended, including the Belgian Ambassador, Baron C. de Cartier de Marchienne, Mr. Philip Guedalla, the well-known essayist and historian, and General Sir Edmund Ironside, G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command

sensitive and understanding interpretation of the "difficult" plays—those rarely acted masterpieces of Shakespeare's apex of intellectual achievement and experience. And this is only a hap-hazard dip into the meaty stew of Mr. Barker's discourse, and I doubt not I have messed it all up.

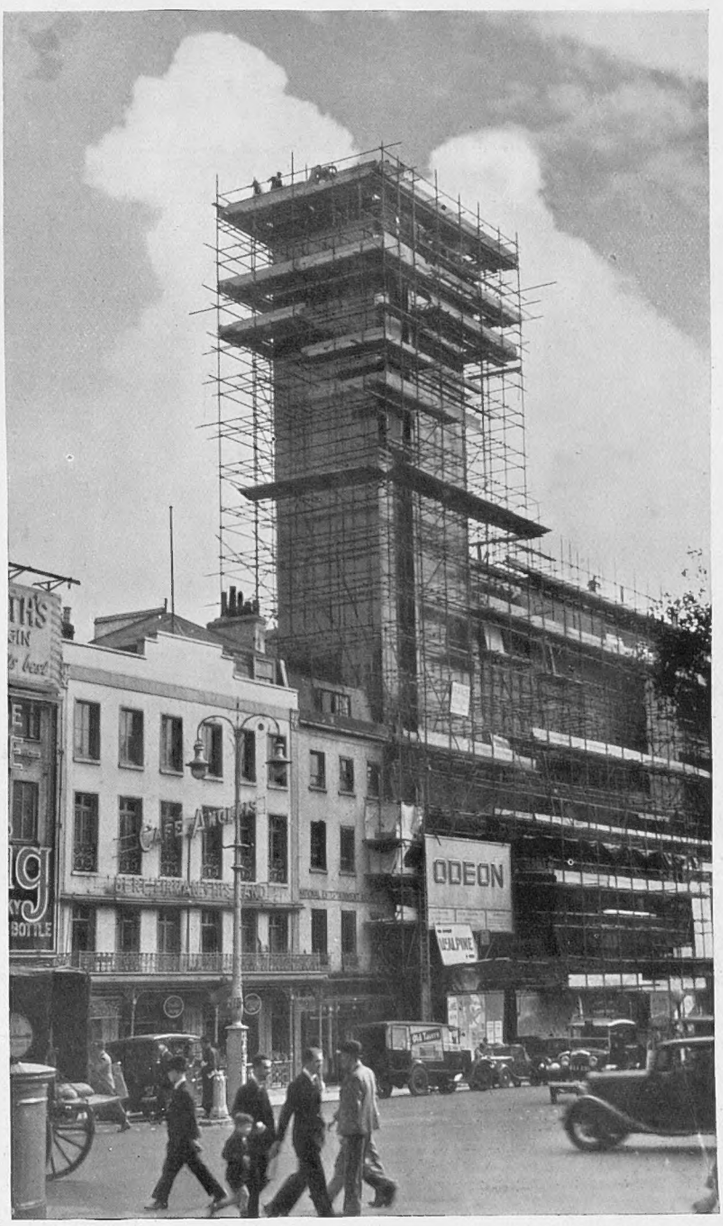
TEN MILLION MARK.—Another £1,000,000 benefaction by Lord Nuffield is no longer a news item. In the past few years he has given away £10,000,000 in sums of £10,000 upwards and the public has come to feel that his bounty is as boundless as the sea, and his resources as infinite. No doubt there is more to come, but Lord Nuffield himself has announced that (for a brief holiday) he has closed the purse strings. It seems that every donation he makes brings its legacy of 100 begging letters per day. Those who were hoping for a donation for their local Badminton club should therefore save themselves—and him—trouble. He has parted with thousands on thousands in smaller sums, but his broad plan of benefaction is on the plane of statesmanship, not charity. Oxford has benefited hugely by her most spectacular Prince of Industry and the encouragement of Research has been his chief objective. The latest development of his broad plan embraces the founding of a new college—a graduate college to which Dominion students may be attracted—from which will flow into industry men highly trained in those branches of science most closely concerned with modern industrial problems. Physical chemistry is one of these and in this science Oxford still needs help. That barrier Lord Nuffield takes in his stride with a cheque for £200,000. The large idea—the college—is to bridge the gap between theory and practice and to supply to industry, civil service, politics, and local government recruits fully equipped to carry on the work of these branches. The social sciences, political economy, government and administrative studies will be taught at the new college, and the new graduate recruits to the practical work of the world will be absorbed into it already trained in the theoretical side, and not left to learn the theory by practical mistakes and vice versa. Theory and practice, in his view, must meet at his new college; the practical industrialist must rub shoulders with the theorist and scientist and exchange ideas, so that each will acquire what he lacks from the other and both will recruit industry with two eyes instead of one. Thus the man who has been concerned with problems of increasing production will go back to his business alive to the importance of psychology, and the theorist will come into business with the pride knocked out of him with a well-aimed packet of brass-tacks. It is a grand and far-sighted conception—and incidentally the new proposal for one more college plays into the hands of the Oxford Preservation Trust and will safeguard the dignity and beauty of the western approaches into the city. For the past few years—it is fair to say—Lord Nuffield has been the brains, the sinews, and the wings of the City of Lost Causes. He has renewed her blood with a new tonic and changed the label.

MOTOR SHOW.—The Motor Show is on at Earls Court. My new car—new pet still, hardly "run-in" after 6,000 miles—is already a back number: a second-hand article listed in cold figures at a price which takes no interest in mileage done, collisions avoided, brakes unused, and tyres still showing a squared ridge and furrow. The new toys are lovelier than ever, of course. It is all easier, smoother, faster, more comely, and even more spacious. Potentially, you can travel in supreme comfort from London to Grantham in 2 hours; but, in fact, it takes you nearer 4 hours. For while car manufacturers have done all they can, and more, the roads are wanting. A dozen (or so) Transport Ministers have prosed and platitudinised, pushed and propaganda-ed, idled or busied themselves with the business of their comparatively new office, but none yet has succeeded in building roads capable of carrying these lovely cars under conditions which enable them to give the service they offer. On summer evenings, nearing London, they are no more pleasant or convenient to sit in than is a steam roller; nor do they travel so fast or so smoothly as a steam roller on a clear road. The car manufacturers plan on and build on in faith, and produce each year refinements on their refined and delicious products. It is wonderful how they (or the public) retain their faith. But perhaps it is not faith but love.

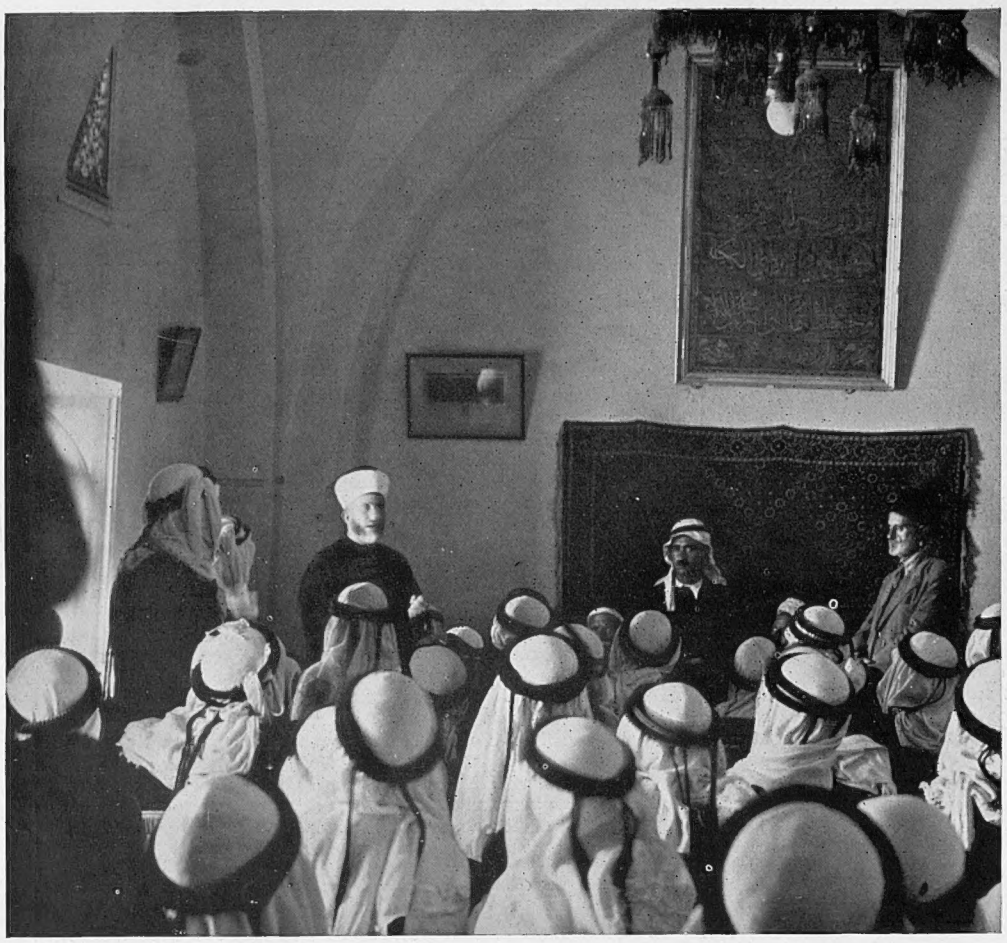
A CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.—We had better begin now to memorise the name of Baron von Veitschberger. It may take time, but I am sure we shall hear of him again. Recently he gave evidence before an important Commission examining certain aspects of the vital question of unemployment and he detailed before them his very interesting plan for the cure or curtailment of world unemployment. All great ideas surprise by their simplicity, and the Baron's scheme is at least simple. He argued: There will never be in our day enough "work to go round." On the present basis of hours of work per year there must always be in the world a surplus unemployed of about 10 per cent.—say, of 7 per cent. adequately employable. To absorb this workless legion (he says) take into existing employment all employable men and divide the work available in industry among all, giving to every man employed five weeks holidays with pay. It would mean that each employer in industry would have to take on a maximum of 10 per cent. more labour, to put on his pay roll one more man for every ten he now employs. He would do this *without increasing his pay roll*. The unemployed contributions already demanded of him would cover the costs of holidays with pay and so forth, while gradually the Exchequer contribution to unemployment would enormously diminish and the State might well support training centres to fit the long unemployed men with instruction to render them fit to take their places in industry. Very soon, practice following training would remove the obvious initial difficulty of dilution by unskilled elements. I read a report of the Baron's explication and I did not think he was much shaken by cross-examination. It is an interesting, bold, and novel scheme and presupposes a vigorous Socialistic Government policy on paternal lines. A Government wedded to the policy of non-interference in the liberty of employers to run their business as they please, of workers to protect their jobs, would handicap the scheme on a world basis. The economic advantages which would follow the scheme are many, but perhaps not so clearly outlined. The Baron claims that while employers paid out no more in overhead the salaries of the now unemployed 10 per cent. would be "circulating" to the huge benefit of trade, while the psychological value of the reabsorption of the entire unemployed and able element in useful work would be incalculable, and the right use of leisure, if it could be inculcated in our time, would make a healthier, saner, happier race.

THE WICKEDNESS OF HADEN GUEST.—Dr. Haden Guest, the victor of North Islington, glories in his crime. He boasts that he won his election from the Conservative National interest on the issue of food costing more. Certain sound newspapers supporting the Government trounce him for using this "hoary device". True it is not the first time that pictures of big and little loaves have covered the hoardings at election time, but Socialists are not the only people who know that politics is spelt POCKETS (or so pronounced) and that the housewife's pocket is the most capacious receptacle for votes. The device may be hoary, but it has been Tory, too. And it is a little difficult to deny the soft impeachment that household necessities cost more and more. In the past four years food prices *have* risen greatly and it is a poor answer to the housewife that in 1933 these prices were far too low to benefit the farmer. Finally (to take one small point), can any Government that suffers a ton of coal (for the collection of which the miner receives 4s.) to cost for delivery into the private consumer's cellar 50s. or more, complain if its critics and opposition make play with the high cost of domestic necessities?

THE OLD STAGER



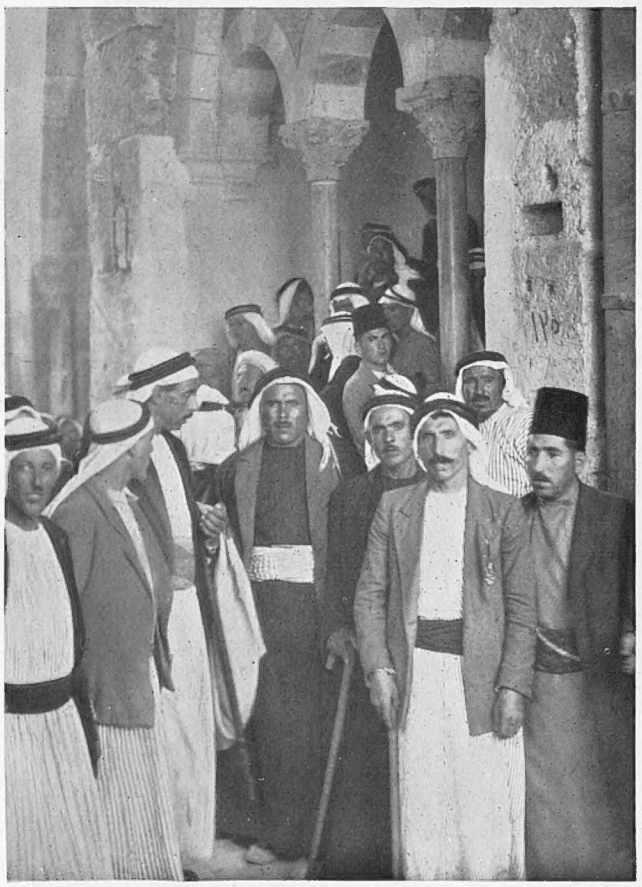
A NEW LONDON LANDMARK: The partly-completed tower of the vast Odeon cinema which is being built on the site of the Alhambra in Leicester Square. Great changes have taken place in this area of recent years, picture-houses supplanting the music-halls that enjoyed their hey-day in Victorian and Edwardian times



NOW SHORN OF ALL HIS OFFICES: The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al Husseini (towards left), addressing a delegation in the Petition Room at the offices of the Muslim Supreme Council in Jerusalem. A picture taken before the Mufti was stripped of his authority by the Mandatory Government and before his northward flight to the Republic of Lebanon in order to escape arrest

THE GRAND MUFTI

The Legal and Religious Leader of the Palestine Muslims whose Name has Once Again come to the Forefront



THE MUFTI'S SATELLITES: Mukhtars or village headmen leaving the offices of the Muslim Supreme Council during the days when that body had such a big say in Palestinian affairs

ONE of the most spectacular figures in the Palestine trouble is the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al Husseini. He was President of the Supreme Muslim Council, Minister of Waufs, and also head of the Arab Higher Committee. It was his connection with this latter organisation that led to his downfall. The Arab Higher Committee was formed ostensibly to "protect the rights" of the Muslim population of Palestine. It was to act as a medium between the Government and the Muslims over all questions affecting the controversy which has arisen over the presence of the Jews in Palestine. Unfortunately, it quickly became dominated by the more fanatical members of the party. Instead of following constitutional methods, it upheld strikes, encouraged rioting which led to bloodshed and murder. A word from the committee was always sufficient to ensure peace or strife.

Finding it impossible to control the activities of such an organisation the Government, as far back as July last, ordered the arrest of the Grand Mufti, but he hastened to the Temple area and took refuge there. This has always been regarded as a sacred site, and there is an unwritten law in Jerusalem that no police or soldier can enter the area and arrest a worshipper there. They must wait until the individual emerges from the holy place before he can be apprehended. Two sides of the Temple area are surrounded by offices and buildings, having more or less direct connection with the administration of the site. Here the Grand Mufti had his offices and normally he was easily accessible. Most days he could be found sitting behind an ample desk with its telephone and typewriters in the outer office, dispensing justice to the people.

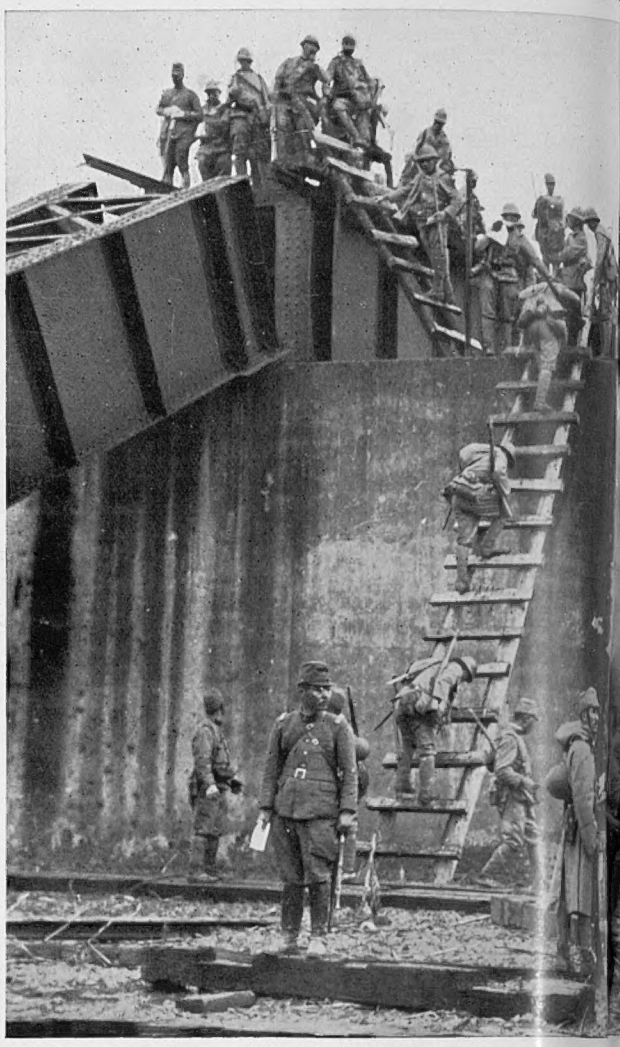
The Grand Mufti was Minister of Waufs. There are many "pious foundations" in Jerusalem called "waufs," which means property willed or dedicated to charitable or religious uses. The number of foundations must total many thousands, necessitating elaborate book-keeping in administering them. The mosques, schools, soup kitchens, convents, wells, etc., are all maintained in this way.

Many of these foundations, or waufs, have quite large revenues. These moneys have to be collected, accounted for, and justly distributed. The income from waufs must amount to many tens of thousands of pounds annually. Some have put the figure as high as £50,000. As Minister of Waufs the Grand Mufti had supreme authority over all religious and educational affairs. He was responsible for the supervision of Muslim schools, the care of the poor, the maintenance and repair of the mosques, and controlled the clergy and the religious courts.

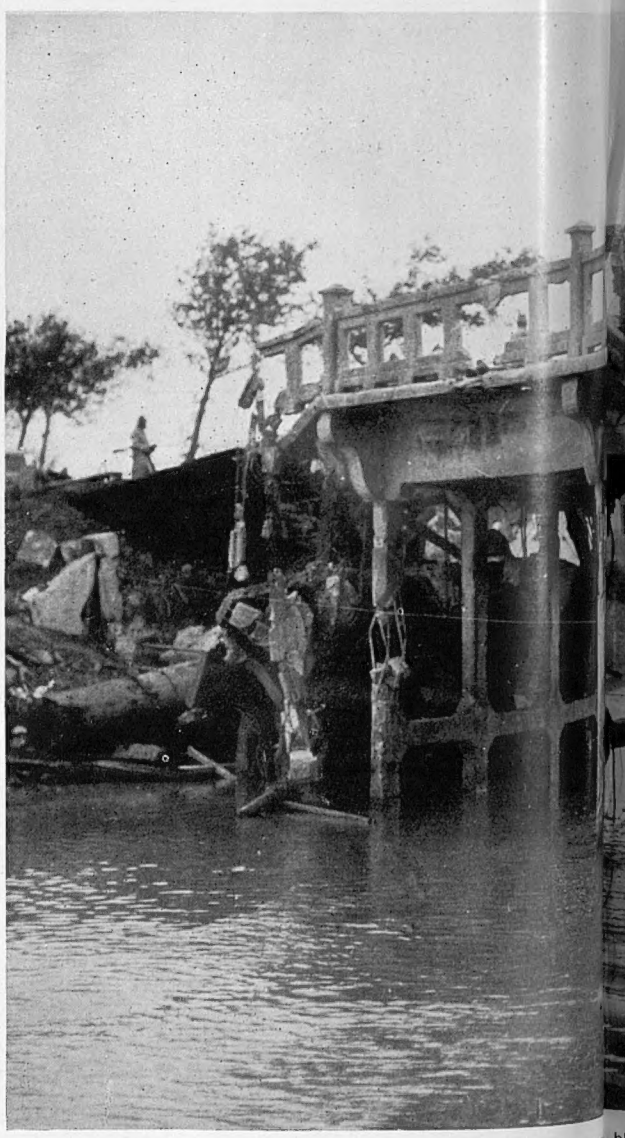
H. J. S.

DESTRUCTION IN CHINA

The Present Far Eastern War and the Aftermath



IN THE WAKE OF THE BOMBING PLANES: Japanese troops occupying a railway bridge on the main line south from Peiping after the structure had been considerably damaged by their own machines. The bridge has doubtless been temporarily repaired by now, for early this week it was announced

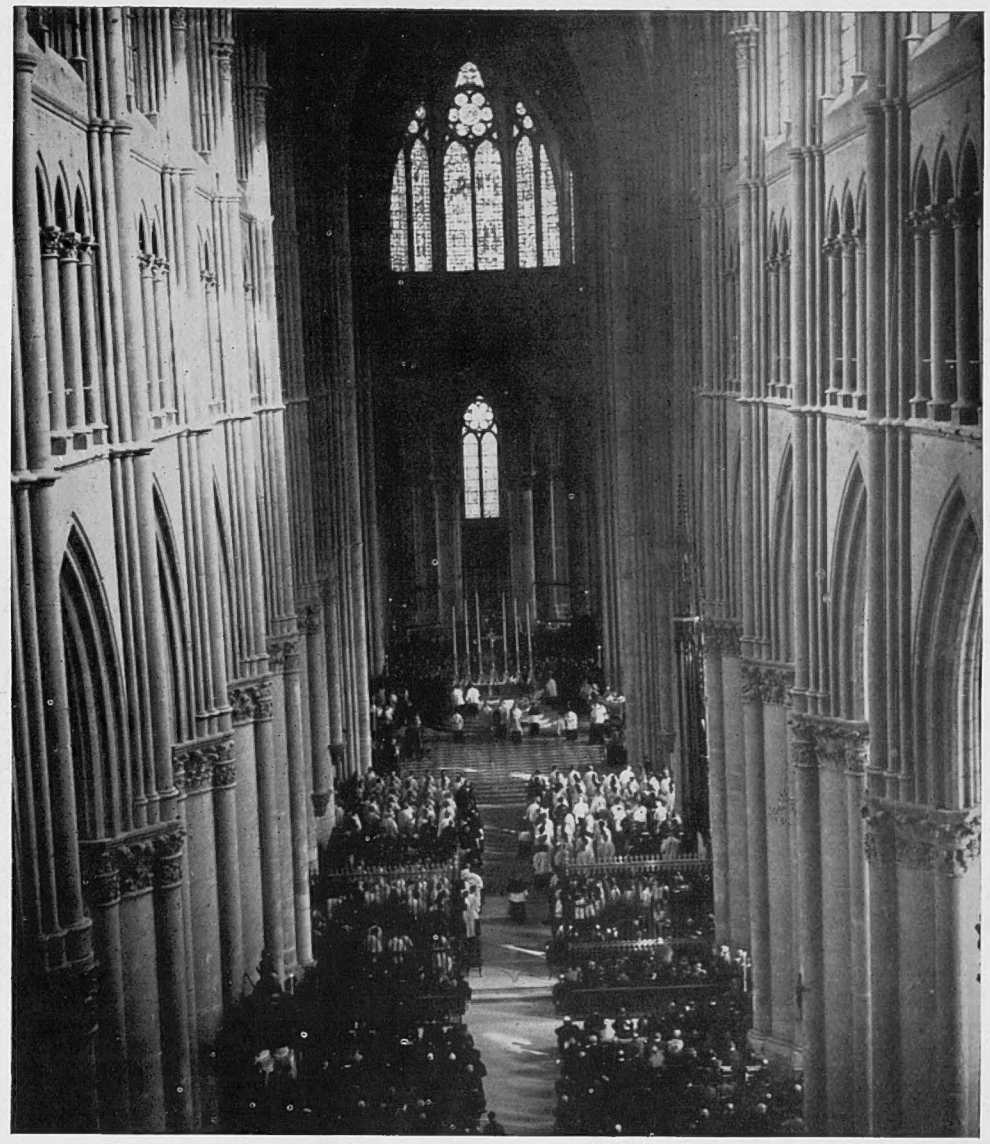


CHINESE BOMBERS DESTROYED THIS STEEL AND CONCRETE BRIDGE in Japanese-won territory round Shanghai, and the Japanese at once set to work repairing it, as it was doubtless essential to the maintenance of their communications.

Reconstruction in France

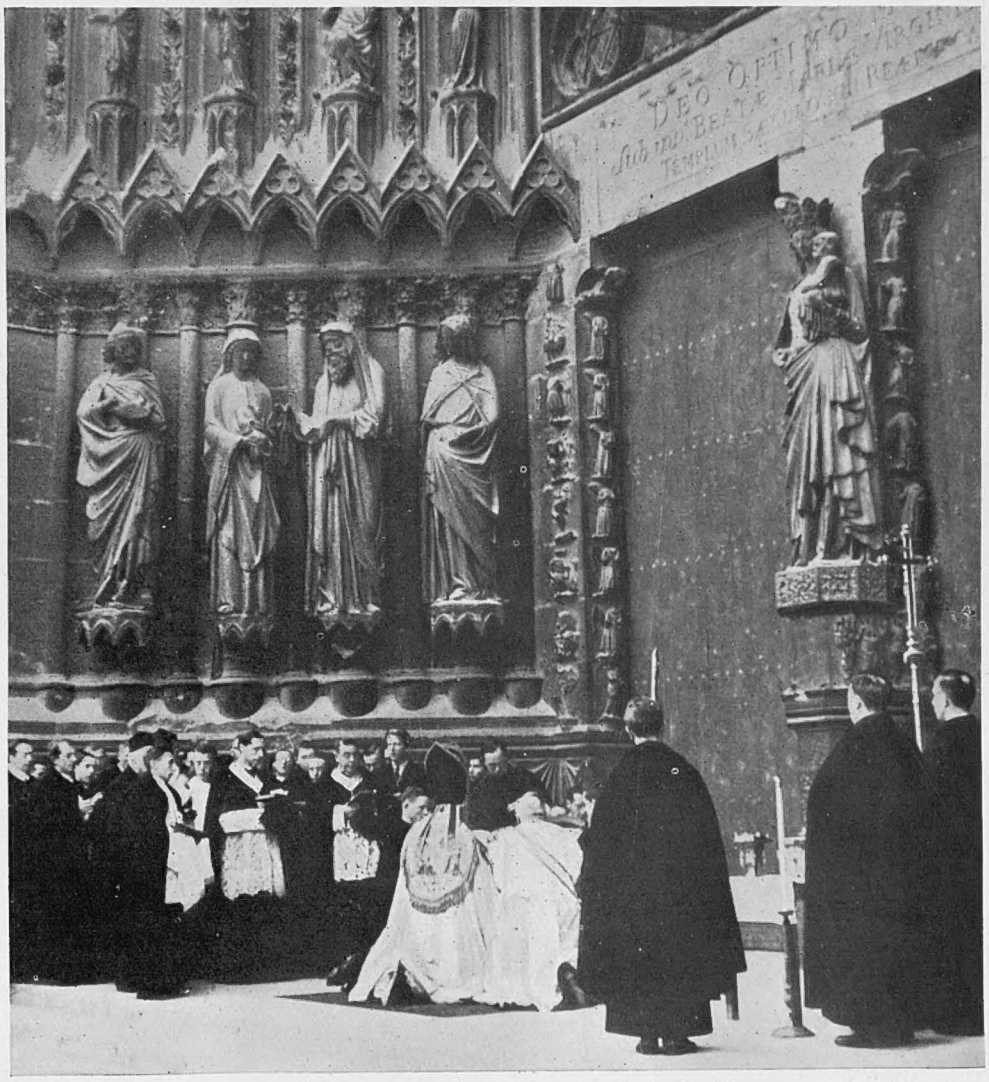
of 1914–18 at Rheims Provide a Strange Contrast

that the invaders were continuing their advance through Hopei into Honan, using armoured trains for the purpose. Their progress was rapid and well-nigh unopposed in this sector, where the country is flat, but in mountainous Shansi there has been determined and well-sustained opposition and they have evidently lost a great many men

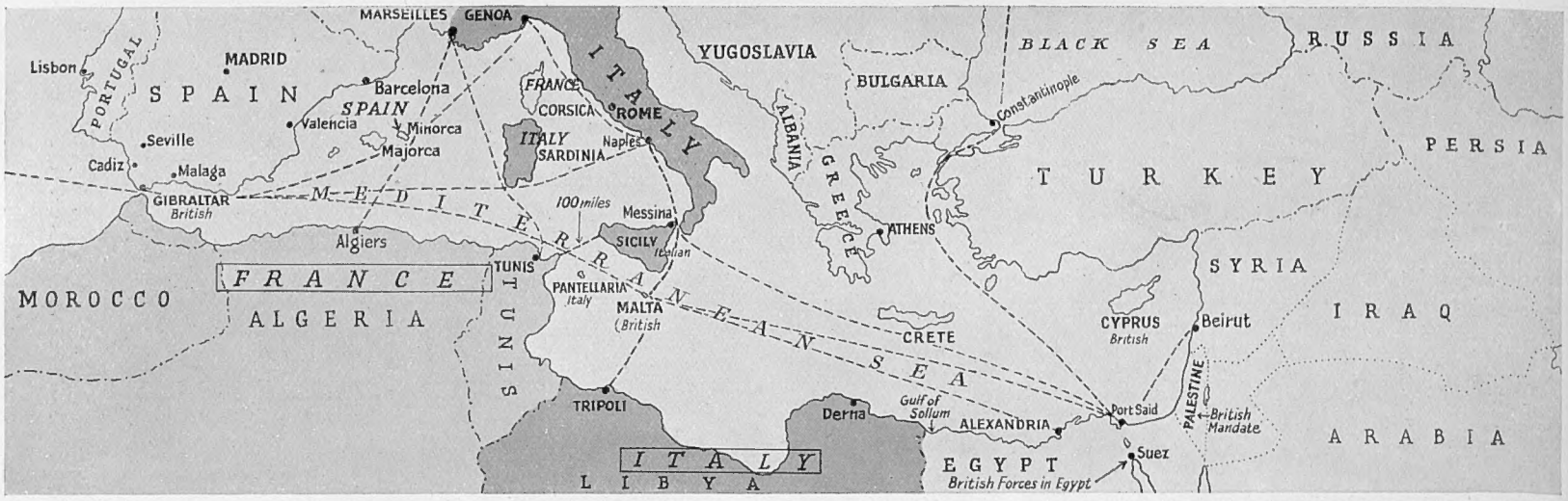


RHEIMS CATHEDRAL RESTORED TO ITS ANCIENT GLORY: The scene within the mighty building during last Monday's service of consecration conducted by Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Rheims, to mark the restoration of the entire cathedral to public worship after twenty-three years interruption. During that time architects and artisans, drawing upon funds pouring in from all parts of the world, have toiled ceaselessly at the task of repairing the terrible damage done by German shells

blow that struck the bridge would appear to have been a glancing one, and after the attack the structure presented an extraordinary appearance with a great block of balustrading hanging down into the water, only suspended by a few strands of reinforcing steel



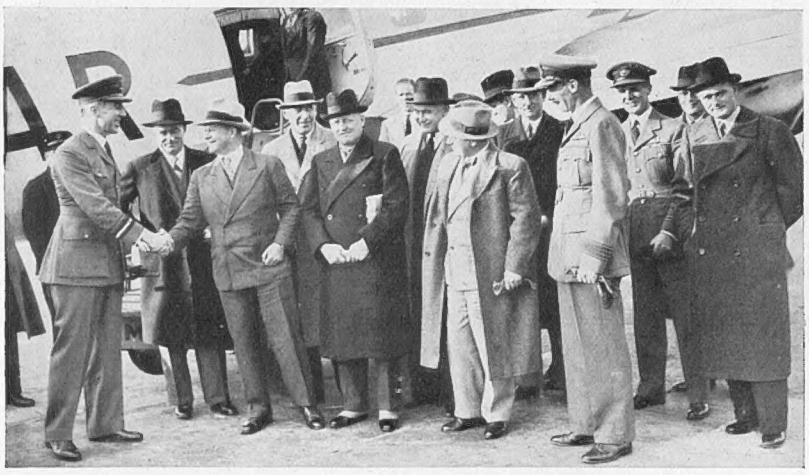
WHERE TWENTY-FIVE KINGS OF FRANCE WERE CROWNED: The Cardinal-Archbishop and other clergy at the consecration of Rheims Cathedral on its re-opening to public worship this week following its rebuilding. The restoration of the shrine has been an immense task, for during the war it was hit by no fewer than 287 shells, which smashed seven of the twenty-two flying buttresses, fourteen of the eighteen windows, and twenty-three of the fifty-six statues in the Gallery of the Kings. Fortunately there exist many detailed drawings of the original structure, thus aiding the architects enormously



MEDITERRANEAN CHESS BOARD: A sketch map of the Middle Sea and surrounding territory showing the regular trade routes and the relation between many places that have of late been in the forefront of the news. First as a topic of interest is the Balearic group (Majorca is pro-rebel, Minorca is pro-Government) which is a cause of nervousness to the French in that it lies directly on the sea lane between Marseilles and the French port of Algiers. Also in the headlines is the Italian colony of Libya to which Mussolini is reported to have sent large numbers of troops of recent weeks, while at the same time comes news that Egyptian motor convoys have proceeded towards the Libyan frontier to further strengthen the defences. Eastwards is Cyprus, visited last week by the First Lord of the Admiralty

THE CIVIL WAR IN ASTURIAS: General Davila, successor of the late General Mola as Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Rebel Army, riding along the lines near Cangas de Onis where Franco's troops have been making a big push. The country is mountainous and operations there are tending to be long drawn out

RETURNING TO THEIR WAR-TORN COUNTRY: Spanish refugees, who have been living in France ever since the fall of Irun, San Sebastian, and other centres in northern Spain, pictured as they were about to board a train at the frontier town of Hendaye when en route to their own homes—or what is left of them



GERMAN GUESTS OF THE R.A.F.: General Milch, the Reich Air Minister, greeted on arrival at Croydon last Sunday at the head of a delegation that throughout this week has been shown much of the work of Britain's expanding air force. During their tour they have seen Hornchurch, Mildenhall, and Cranwell

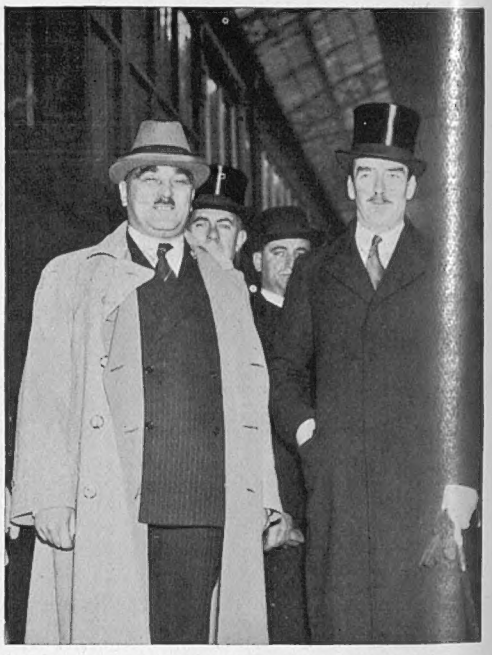
YUGOSLAVIA'S PREMIER COMES TO LONDON

The Importance of Dr. Stoyadinovitch's Visit Explained

Last week Dr. Stoyadinovitch, the Yugoslav Premier and Foreign Minister, paid an official visit to London. Considerable importance attaches to the talks he had with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden, both because this is the first visit to London of a Yugoslav Premier for many years and because there are now common interests between the two countries in the Mediterranean, especially in the light of the recent anti-piracy agreement at Nyon. In the following article our contributor explains the policy of Yugoslavia and the personality of her Premier.

ANGLO-YUGOSLAV relations were always "correct." During recent years, however, they have become warmly friendly, as the turn of events has brought the two countries to a realisation of their mutual interests in the maintenance of peace, more especially in the Mediterranean sphere, where they both desire to see the continuance of the *status quo*.

Many things have contributed to this situation: Abyssinia, Spain and, more recently, the Mediterranean anti-piracy agreement at Nyon which was initiated by the British. Moreover, both countries pursue a similar policy, adapted to their different geographical and political situations, in regard to the question of the rival *blocs* in Europe. Yugoslavia, like Britain, refuses to go into either *bloc*, Fascist or anti-Fascist. Again, like Britain, Yugoslavia avoids Utopian ideas for maintaining peace and places her faith in practical measures such as regional agreements.



DR. MILAN STOYADINOVITCH: The Prime Minister of Yugoslavia with Mr. Anthony Eden on arrival in England last week to discuss the common interests of his country and of Britain. During his two-day stay he lunched with the King and Queen

This, of course, was the policy of the late King Alexander. After his assassination at Marseilles, the policy was carried on, and is now in the capable hands of the Prince Regent, Prince Paul, and the Prime Minister, M. Stoyadinovitch. Thus the ages-old quarrel between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria was ended by a Pact of Peace and Friendship between the two Balkan neighbours. Likewise a friction lasting over ten years, and frequently of a very dangerous nature, between Italy and Yugoslavia was terminated by the recent Italo-Yugoslav Pact.

These pacts between Yugoslavia and neighbours with whom she had previously been on unfriendly terms, did not mean, however, that Yugoslavia was deserting old friends for new. She cultivated friendly relations, mainly of an economic character, with Germany, but she retained her friendship with France.

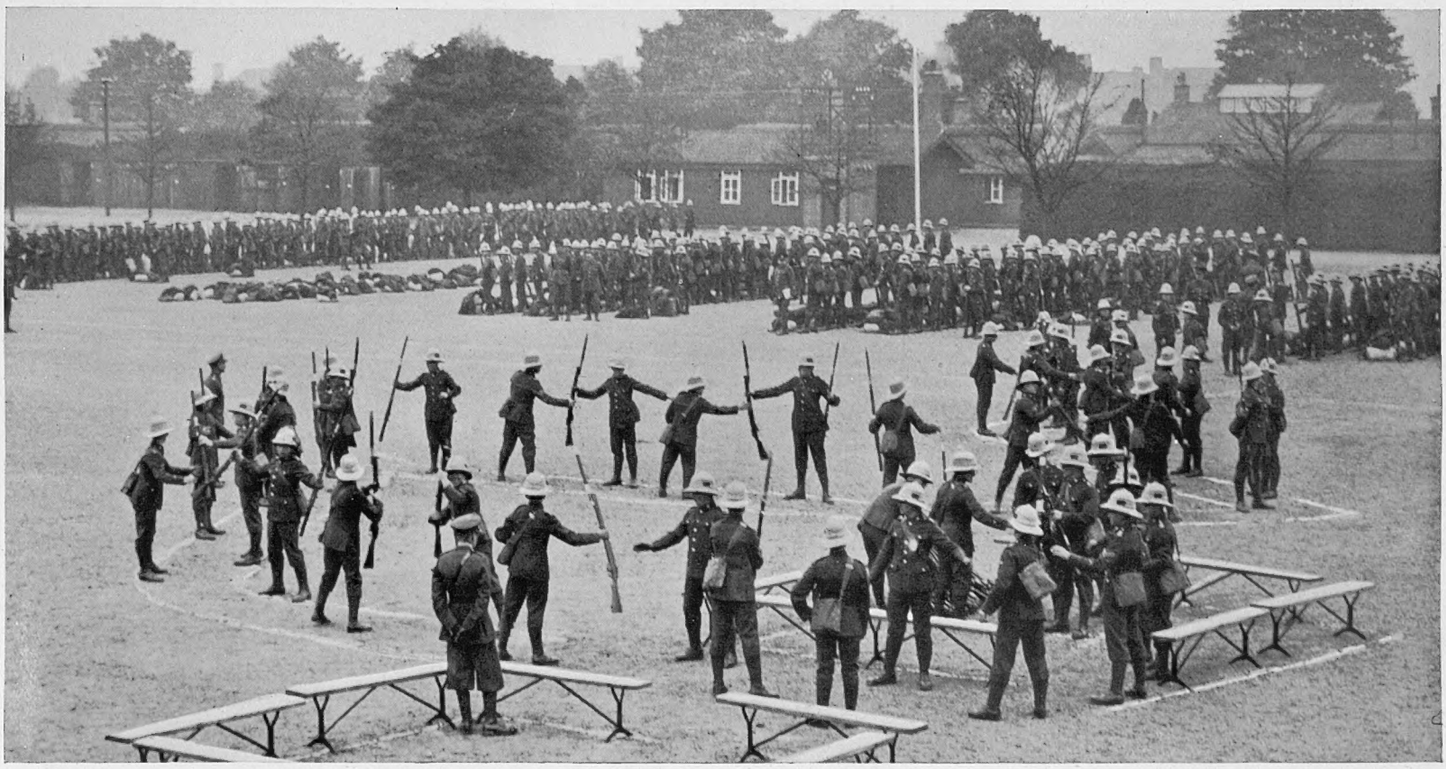
And now a word as to the personality of the Yugoslav statesman who has had such signal success in regulating his country's relations with neighbours.

Dr. Milan Stoyadinovitch, who spent some of his early years in London studying British business methods, and is a real friend of Britain, entered political life after a brilliant career in business and finance. He has brought to politics the same practical genius which he evinced in his earlier avocations. He does not, therefore, play politics as a sort of subtle game, as do so many politicians in Eastern Europe. He gets down to the matter in hand with all the expedition and practical purpose of a big business executive. This must have facilitated his conversations with British Ministers last week.

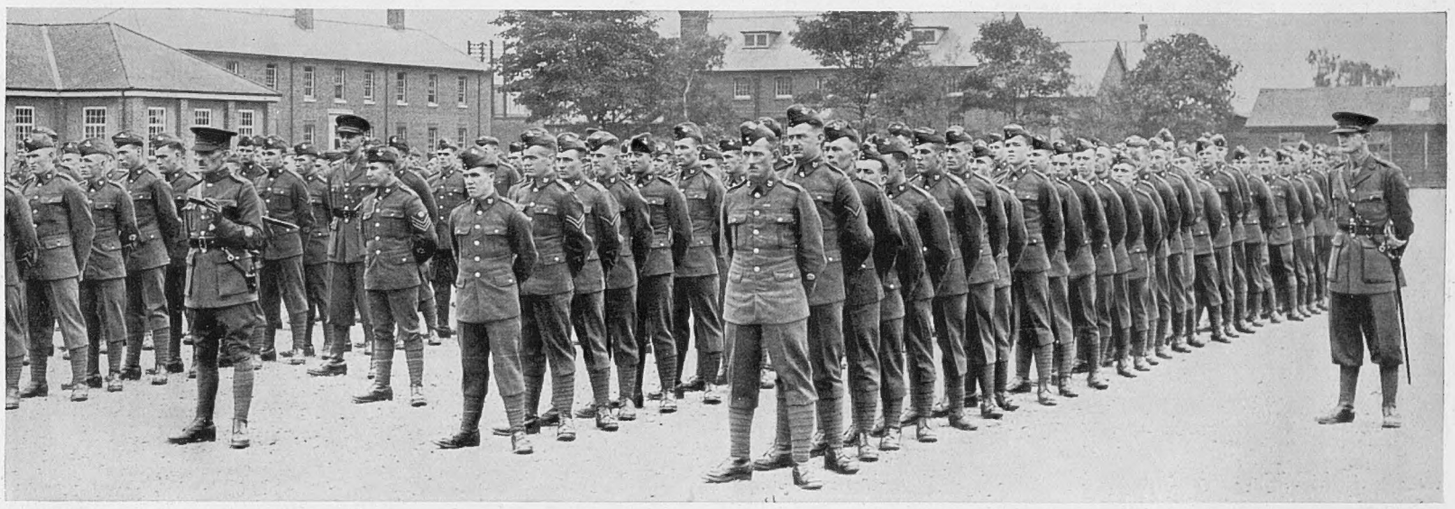
To meet M. Stoyadinovitch and talk with him, as I have had occasion to do, is to experience the presence of a strong personality. Some local critics say that he has had good luck, and instance the fact that when he first took office, nature was kind and sent Yugoslavia a good harvest. As far as this is concerned, a successful statesman is entitled to be smiled upon by Fortune now and again. But the real truth of his popularity with the Yugoslav peasantry is to be sought, not in the bounties of nature, but in the fact that he was the first Premier to take practical measures to settle the long outstanding peasant debt question.

C. F. Melville

BRITISH TROOPS SET OUT FOR THE FAR EAST



THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY PREPARE TO LEAVE FOR CHINA: Men of the regiment passing arms during a rehearsal of the procedure of boarding a troopship. A picture taken at Aldershot before they entrained for Southampton and embarked. Britain now has fairly extensive forces stationed in Shanghai and Hong Kong, additional units having already been drafted from Singapore, but even more are needed in order to ensure the protection of British lives and property



SOME DO'S AND DON'TS: Men of the Durham Light Infantry drawn up on the barrack square as Brigadier H. C. Ponsonby gave them words of advice before leaving for Southampton and embarking for the East

SWEETHEARTS, WIVES, AND CHILDREN gave the 16th/5th Lancers a rousing send-off when they left Hounslow cavalry barracks a few days ago en route for Secunderabad, India, where the regiment is to be stationed for a spell of foreign duty. As pictured above they escorted the men to Feltham station and before the train drew out (*left*) there were some heartfelt farewells. The 16th have a great record and are returning to a part of the Empire in which in the last century they won fame on many fields, notably at Aliwal

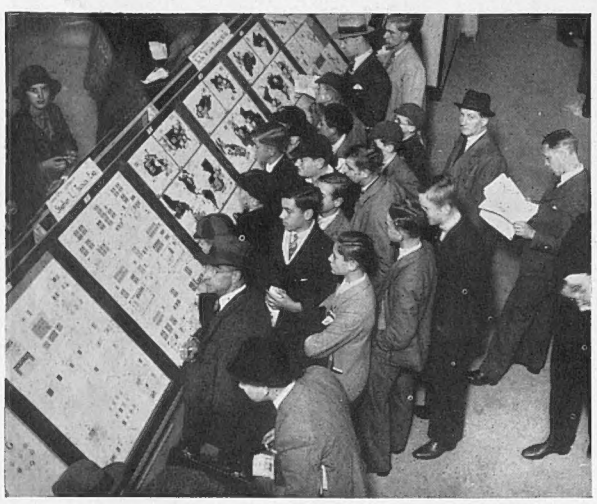
From the Week's HEADLINES

THE KING AND QUEEN IN YORKSHIRE: A happy picture of Their Majesties visiting the Ada Homes for Aged People during their visit to Hull last Tuesday. It was the first time they had been in the county since their accession

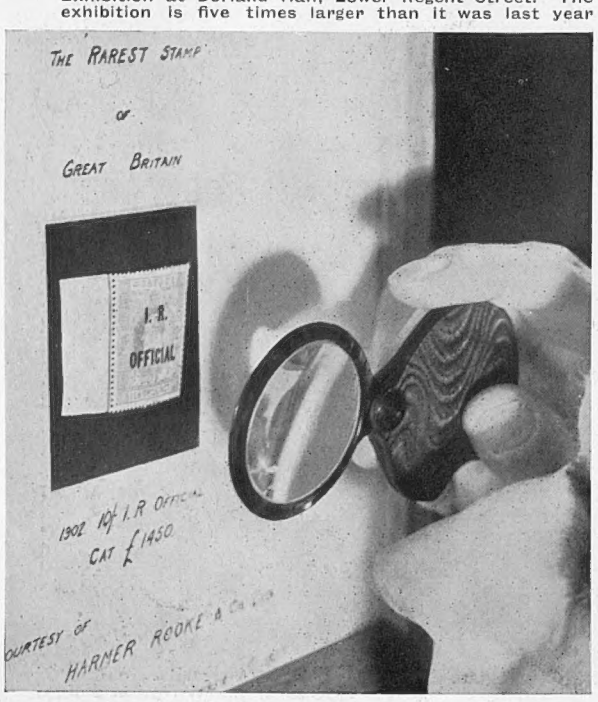
FIRST STOP WESTMINSTER: Members of the crew of the trawler *Rosebud* engaged on the work of preparing for their departure from Newlyn for London. When they arrive they will petition the Minister of Health to reconsider the drastic plan to demolish their old homes

QUEEN MARY RECEIVING PURSES, containing donations, after opening the Silver Jubilee extension to the West London Hospital

ASTRID THE UNFORGETTABLE: This new monument to the late Queen of the Belgians, who met her death in a motoring accident two years ago, is the work of the Belgian sculptor Victor Demanet and has just been unveiled at Stockel Crainhem



PHILATELISTS GET TOGETHER: Visitors examining some of the rare specimens on the opening day of the Stamp Exhibition at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street. The exhibition is five times larger than it was last year



APPRECIATED: This Edward VII 10s. official Inland Revenue stamp of 1902 belongs to the £22,000 collection of J. Insley Blair, the American philatelist, and is one of the outstanding items in the stamp exhibition now being held at Dorland Hall. This specimen alone is worth about £1,450

"THE LEFT" MOURNS A LEADER: The impressive scene at the Henri Barbusse House, Avenue de Simon Bolivar, Paris, during the lying in state of the French Communist politician M. Vaillant-Couturier

LONDON'S LATEST BOROUGH ROYALLY INAUGURATED: The Duke of Gloucester returning to the pavilion after opening the new Ashton playing fields at Woodford Bridge, Essex, an event that coincided with his presentation of the charter of incorporation of Wanstead and Woodford

DROUGHT IN THE NORTH COUNTRY: The extent of the water shortage in Yorkshire may be gauged from this picture showing sheep and cattle roaming over what is normally part of the bed of Couthwaite Reservoir

SET UP BY FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS: M. Hanotaux, a member of the Académie Française, speaking after the unveiling of the latest monument to M. Poincaré, France's great war-time President, at Sampigny on the Meuse

GIANT TUSKS from one of the frozen mammoths, colossal creatures that must have been hunted by the cave men of 80,000 years ago, recently discovered in the western part of Wrangel Island, off the Siberian coast. One complete carcase was found to be approximately 19 ft. long

With Japan's Armies

Troops that have Won Successes in the Northern Provinces

BREAKING THROUGH THE GREAT WALL: Japanese troops pictured after their victory in the sixteen-day battle for the Nankow Pass which allowed them to cross the age-old barrier into Chahar and thus consolidate their position in the north following the capture of Peiping. Since then the invading armies have gone from success to success, and General Terauchi's swift thrust last week brought nearer Japan's objective of gaining control of five provinces

OUTPOST OF THE RISING SUN: Japanese troops occupying a hilltop in a mountainous section of the northern theatre of war. *Below on left*—A trench abandoned by the Chinese after a battle for low-lying country in Shansi. *Below on right*—General Kawabe who played a big part in the first major engagement of the war, the attack on the town of Wanping. Note his Samurai sword of honour

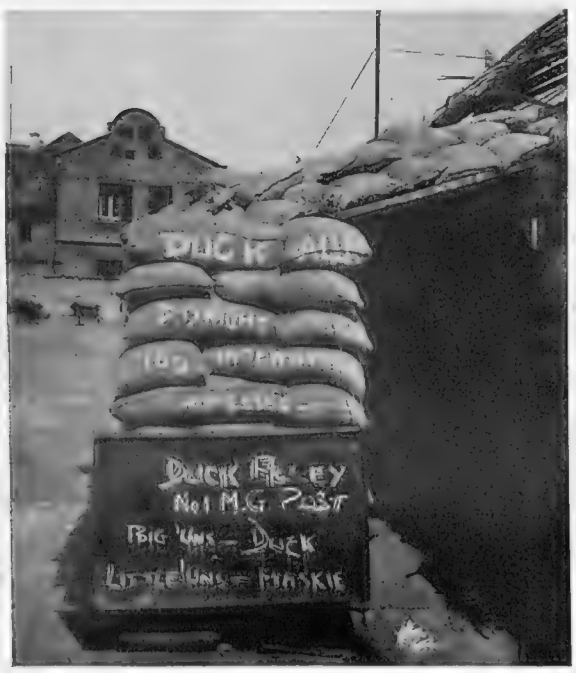
WARTIME CONTRAST: Chinese guards, standing with their rifles at the ready, when patrolling a captured section of that important artery of commerce, the Peiping-Hankow Railway, which for weeks past has been the scene of active operations between the rival armies. The pagoda provides a picturesque touch

The SHANGH

New Pictures from the War-Torn Focal Point of the Sino-Japanese

THE EVER-RECURRING MENACE OF FIRE: These three pictures show some of the big blazes that have occurred in Shanghai of recent weeks, for the most part a result of the rain of incendiary bombs dropped by Japanese planes. *Above on left*—Members of

PLAYING THEM IN: The band of the Royal Welch Fusiliers parading on the Bund to welcome the arrival of United States Marines (the "leathernecks"), who had come to strengthen the foreign garrison



GAS-MASKED CHINESE MACHINE GUNNERS operating in the swampy region of the Whangpoo river. *On left*—British barricades on the outskirts of the Settlement adorned with inscriptions reminiscent of 1914-18; a unique brand of humour much appreciated in anxious Shanghai

THE TRAMP OF MARCHING MEN echoes ceaselessly in the streets of outer Shanghai as troops are hurriedly moved from one portion of the lines to another to counter the fierce Japanese attacks. The Chinese resistance on

AI FRONT

City that Continues to be Struggle in South China

the International Settlement fire brigade playing a hose on a fire in order to prevent its spreading from the Chinese quarter across the boundary into the Settlement. *Centre*—Columns of smoke rising from a bombed building that had burst into flames. *Above on right*—A blazing wharf on the Whangpoo

this front has been most praiseworthy and the morale of the men has exceeded all expectations. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's spirited appeal delivered to the country last week has also had a marked effect, particularly his courageous assumption that victory, long though it may be in coming, and cost what it may in men and money, is in the end a certainty

TANK TRAP: This deep hole dug in one of the streets of Chapei is designed to hold at bay Japan's mechanised forces should they succeed in penetrating into the district. Sandbag barricades have been erected too, thus helping to make any infantry advance a desperate and exceedingly difficult business. At the time of writing the Chinese are holding their own in the Shanghai area, while rain by greatly impeding the enemy's operations has also been on their side

ABYSSINIA

AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS UNDER MUSSOLINI'S RULE

An Eye-witness Account of Conditions and the Extent of Development in the Former Black Empire

BY E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

Italy has now held Abyssinia for close on eighteen months and, in view of this, it is only natural that many should now be asking what is the condition of the country under the new regime? What building development is going on in Addis Ababa, Dessie, Axum, Adowa, and other centres? How is the native population as a whole accepting Italian rule? These and other questions are answered in the accompanying eye-witness account by Major E. W. Polson Newman, who has just returned from Africa and who compares the country as it was in wartime and as it is now, giving a plain statement of facts as he saw them and showing just how much has and has not been done by the vanguard of the colonists. Major Newman saw no evidence of discontent, indeed the very reverse, and as he describes only what he himself witnessed he naturally makes no mention of the recent rising which according to a Rome report was only quelled after thirty-eight officers had lost their lives.

CLIMBING up the winding road from Massawa to Asmara in the misty moonlight, with blind corners of solid rock on one side and sheer precipices on the other, I wondered what impression the new conditions in Ethiopia would make on the first British subject to make the complete tour of Italian East Africa. There had been so many conflicting reports that I was prepared for anything from a transformation scene to a ghastly mess. What I saw was neither the one nor the other.

While the heat of Massawa was overpowering, I was glad of a great coat before reaching Asmara, and the journey took only three hours. This rapidly growing town was packed to overflowing with Italians, accommodation was hard to get, and at meal times every restaurant was stuffed with humanity. Gold is found in this district and the engineers talked of a good paying proposition. There is also gold in western Ethiopia, but there it is washed out of the red sand of the River Bir-bir where platinum has also been worked for some years.

"UNDER THE ITALIANS ADOWA HAS ALREADY BEGUN numerous bungalows such as these, largely con accommodate Italian officials. A new market place

spread out as far as the eye could see, and a thin silvery ribbon appeared as the Takazze was crossed. Ras Dascian, the highest peak of all, looked like an inverted tin-opener, and many other peculiar shapes rose up out of the rocky masses.

Gondar is a mixture of Portuguese castles, native huts, and Italian tents; the best of the castles has been chosen for an hotel. Although this is the capital of the State of Amhara, the Governor still lives in a tent, but the European town is quickly appearing about five miles along the road to Lake Tana.

Lake Tana has a lovely climate and is quite one of the most attractive spots in Ethiopia. When the road from Gondar is finished, it will be only an hour's run to the shores of the lake where the Italians intend to open a tourist resort.

The source of the Blue Nile, near Bahr-dar, has all the attractions of Africa with few of the drawbacks, while the waterfalls present a lovely picture of green foliage, blue water, and sparkling

ADDIS ABABA HAS PROGRESSED A LOT since Badoglio entered the city in 1935, and everywhere are springing up solidly built stores of this type

ETHIOPIANS STILL CROWD THE MARKETS OF ABYSSINIA, eager enough to trade their country produce with the new rulers. This picture was taken in April at Dessie, a town that will assume a new commercial importance when the road to the port of Assab is finished. *On right*—Natives laying the foundations of the highway from Gondar to Tana which, when completed, will bring the town within an hour's drive of this pleasant lake, on the shores of which a tourist resort is to be established

AT THE SUMMIT OF THE TOSELLI PASS: Mrs. Polson Newman, wife of the author of the accompanying article, standing with Baron and Baroness Monte della Corte

Adowa is famous for a battle fought a long distance from it and for its collection of dirt, flies, and filthy huts. The so-called "palace" of Ras Seyum is a tin shed, and the church contains strange paintings of lions with false teeth. But this church was interesting, because my wife received from the Ethiopian priests the first invitation to enter ever given to a woman; and it was here that I discovered for the first time how well the priests get on with the Italian officials.

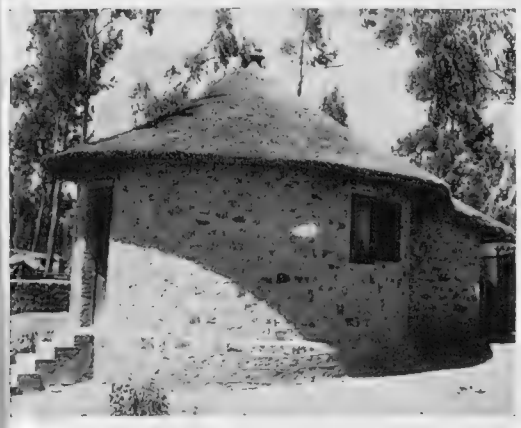
Under the Italians Adowa has already begun to change. A new stone market-place is being built, and it has been decided gradually to pull down the old native huts and to replace them by stone ones with thatched roofs. The Italian officials live in bungalows at some distance from the native town, and here the new European town is being built.

At Axum, the traditional home of the Queen of Sheba, and about forty minutes motor run from Adowa, conditions are even worse. The church here is the most sacred of all Ethiopia, but the presence of about 1,000 priests does not add to its physical cleanliness, and makes the building of the European town still more urgent.

Having sped along motor roads where only mule tracks existed two years ago, it was a change to get into an aeroplane and see this strange country from above. But flying in Northern Ethiopia means taking off at a height of about 6,000 ft. When flying over the Semien Mountains to Gondar and Lake Tana, it meant an altitude of 15,000 ft. and some nasty bumps from time to time. Mountains of the queerest shapes were

On right—IN AMHARA'S OLD CITY: The Italian flag flying from one of the medieval Portuguese castles at Gondar and in the foreground the tents at present occupied by the Italian officials, including the Governor. A European town is now being built some five miles distant

TO CHANGE," says E. W. Polson Newman, and structed of corrugated iron, have been erected to is also being built and the natives are being re-housed



STONE HUTS FOR THE NATIVES constitute another very important improvement under the Italian regime. They are neatly thatched

THE WINDING WAY TO ADDIS ABABA: Where two years ago there was nothing but a rough track pursuing a tortuous course over the mountains, a fine concrete motor road from the port of Massawa to the capital is now in many sections completed. It is far from straight, but travelling on it in a well-sprung and speedy modern motor bus is pleasant enough

On left—MODERNITY IN THE CAPITAL: A group of new buildings flanking Station Road, Addis Ababa. The one in the foreground is distinctly up to date in style

foam. Unfortunately, I saw them half upside-down from a banking aeroplane, and there was a hippopotamus floundering about in the water below—or was it above? Here, as everywhere else, the Italian officers and officials seemed to be on excellent terms with the natives. When armed escorts were provided in remote districts, they were composed of Ethiopians who had fought in the army of the ex-Negus. Indeed, the peaceful state of the country made it hard to realise that there had been a war at all.

The market places were well filled, and the natives cheerfully saluted any European who passed. Such opposition as still remains is confined to one or two Amhara localities, and to the activities of brigand bands during the rains. These latter have long been a curse to Ethiopia, and attract discontented Amharas who are still in possession of arms. But there is no longer any organised opposition to Italian rule, nor is any part of the country under the authority of Ethiopian chiefs.

While it is hard at the time to realise that the road from Massawa to Asmara was built in a few months, it is after leaving Asmara on the way south that the Italians' skill in road-building makes its greatest impression. All through the jagged mountain ranges of northern Ethiopia smooth asphalt roads wind round the edges of *ambas* and zig-zag over high passes. From the summit of each pass there is a view of distant peaks standing out in a dull red panorama of barbaric splendour.

The country largely depends on its "Great North Road" for supplies, so there is a heavy traffic of motor lorries on their way to Dessie or Addis Ababa. The sudden appearance of one of these monsters of the road makes you squirm as you swing round a blind corner with but a few inches to spare and the usual precipice on one side.

There is already a service of motor buses between Massawa and Addis Ababa, and the bus we saw was fitted with wireless, bar, and lavatory. Near Lake Ashangi, a steel-like stretch of water among the mountains, a fight between a couple of bulls was taking place on the road as we passed. The only spectators were two Ethiopian boys who immediately switched their attention to my wife, the first white woman they had seen, and their expressions were not altogether complimentary. As we continued south, the valleys and plains became greener and more fertile, and the cattle fatter, but next to nothing had been done by the natives to cultivate the land.

Dessie was like a town in the "wild west" of America during a gold-rush—motor lorries crashing along unmade streets in clouds of dust, electric light everywhere, modern shops sandwiched in between rambling wooden shacks. The clatter of building went on all night, for Dessie will become a most important centre when the road to the new port of Assab is finished. In this region we passed through many places which will soon be colonised by Italian families, and there are great opportunities for them.

On Lake Haik is the picturesque island Monastery of St. Stephen, where I came across an ancient Ethiopian who had fought against Lord Napier at Magdala; but he couldn't remember much about it. From Dessie we flew to Addis Ababa.

The capital was in process of transformation, although the work going on was largely hidden by the eucalyptus trees. Asphalt streets were taking the place of volcanic-looking roadways where walking was a dangerous operation. European houses, shops, and cinemas had greatly increased in number since my last visit two years ago. Motor traffic was heavy, and was systematically controlled by police at the crossings. Yet the number of Ethiopians in the market had changed little, and large crowds surrounded the clusters of loudspeakers on poles which issued police and public health instructions. The Italians also use this novel method of encouraging the natives to grow more crops, and informing them that there is money to be made.

The celebration of the first anniversary of the Empire was a hot affair but impressive, especially the charge past of the native cavalry yelling and waving their firearms in the air. Marshal Graziani, just recovered from his wounds, got a tremendous reception from Europeans and natives. All outward signs of the

AMID ADDIS ABABA'S EUCALYPTUS GROVES: A fine new motor road in the Colonial capital; only one of many constructed since the Italian occupation

former regime have been removed and the gilded Lion of Judah now reposes at the foot of the Dogali monument in Rome.

The time had now come to see the fertile regions of the south-west, so early one morning we took off in a Caproni bomber for Saio in western Ethiopia. In about two hours we were eating huge bananas in the tent of a local chief near the Sudan frontier. Our eyes were soon opened to the agricultural wealth of this vast area. We saw Italians eating vegetables which had been planted only a month before; we admired the refreshing green of the countryside, which is characterised by many rivers and plenty of rain; and we went into dark forests full of valuable timber. In the Anfilo forest there were buffalo, leopards, black panthers, wild boar, and a multitude of monkeys.

The human race was represented by people who worship the moon and the trees, and ladies who go to call on the Italian Resident in high-heeled shoes and silk stockings! Although the landscapes differed in other districts, there was always the same virgin soil and a climate ideal for Europeans.

Throughout the southwest the Italians have been welcomed as liberators, and the natives show their feelings by dancing round the Italian flag and shouting that their freedom has come from heaven. They got this idea from the fact that the first Italians arrived in aeroplanes.

At Gambela, where there is a British concession for the navigation of the river Baro the climate changes to the heat of the Upper Nile variety. Here Britain and Italy join hands to fight the malarial mosquito and the tsetse fly.

The fertile regions continued as we flew over the lakes to Yavello and Neghelli, but on landing at Lugh-Ferrandi the heat was tropical and the scene had completely changed.

(*Continued on page* 170)

LEARNING TO FLY IN EGYPT'S DESERT

Work at the R.A.F's Only Oversea Training School

FLYING STARTS AT THE CRACK OF DAWN at No. 4 Training School at Abu Suein, Egypt—the only R.A.F. establishment of its kind abroad—and here we see three lines of training planes drawn up before taking off on formation exercises. The aerodrome, which is situated in the vicinity of the Suez canal, is ideally suited for the purpose, consisting, as it does, of a large expanse of firm, level sand

Left—AN EARLY START: Men of No. 4 Training School taking tea before the day's work, which begins at dawn as later flying conditions become most unsatisfactory on account of the extreme heat. *On right*—Pupils waiting to take the air. Ranged in the foreground are their parachutes

SAMARITANS *of* PALESTINE

The Last Survivors of an Historic People Who Have No Interest in Zionism, Dwelling Apart in the Town of Nablus

THERE is one sect of Jews in Palestine who have no interest in Zionism or the question of the partition of the country between Jew and Arab, namely, the Samaritans. They are a race apart, a mere handful of survivors of an historic people, numbering a few hundred souls. They live in a primitive section of Nablus, the ancient Shechem in the gorge-like valley between Ebal and Gerizim. It is on the latter mountain that they every spring offer their Paschal sacrifice in precisely the same way and with the same ritual as it was offered many thousand years ago by the ancient Hebrews.

They claim for themselves that they are descended from the tribe of Ephraim; that they severed themselves from the Jews because of the maladministration of the priesthood by the sons of Eli. The Jews they consider dissenters and heretics who have forsaken their original simple faith, and for the sacred Gerizim have substituted Zion in Jerusalem; for the Samaritans claim that the "Rock Moriah," where Abraham was instructed to sacrifice his son, is on the summit of Gerizim; and they argue that Gerizim alone figures in the earliest history of the Jews, and is the specific spot in the Land of Promise mentioned by Moses in the wilderness. Here was the first Israelitish altar, here the first convocation of Israel, here Joshua placed the tabernacle, and here also is Joshua's tomb.

Others claim that they are descendants of the Assyrians, who were deported from Babylon by Esar-Haddon in the year 740 B.C., and who colonised the land of Israel after the captivity. Still others believe them to be a mixture of Arameans and Hebrews, who were left in the land after the invasion of Israel by the kings of Assyria. However, since that time their annals have been long and tragic, consequently this most interesting racial survival is now represented by a mere handful of people, and is a fast-dying sect.

The men are tall and the women not bad looking; but they are mostly pale, inbred people. They are all closely related to one another. The men outnumber the women. If a man's wife is childless he is allowed to take a second one.

They are ruled by a High Priest, a tall, thin, hook-nosed man with a jet-black beard, who might have stepped straight from a bas-relief in the palace of Ashur-bani-pal. You cannot talk with him long before you realise that he is firmly convinced that he and his little band are the only people on earth who know anything about God.

Of the religious literature of the Jews, the Samaritans only accept the Pentateuch, or the first five Books of Moses. The later writings, including the Prophets and Psalms, they repudiate as uninspired. Their most precious document is an ancient scroll of the Pentateuch, 75 ft. in length, which they claim to have been written by Abishua, the great-grandson of Aaron, shortly after their entrance into the Land. While no impartial student will allow it this very remote origin, it is, nevertheless, accepted by many scholars as the most ancient copy of the Pentateuch in existence.

The Samaritans observe the Sabbath strictly and practise all the feasts and fasts of the Hebrews with the exception of the Feast of the Dedication. Their language is a Palestinian dialect of Aramaic and their writing an archaic alphabet derived from old Hebrew.

H. J. S.

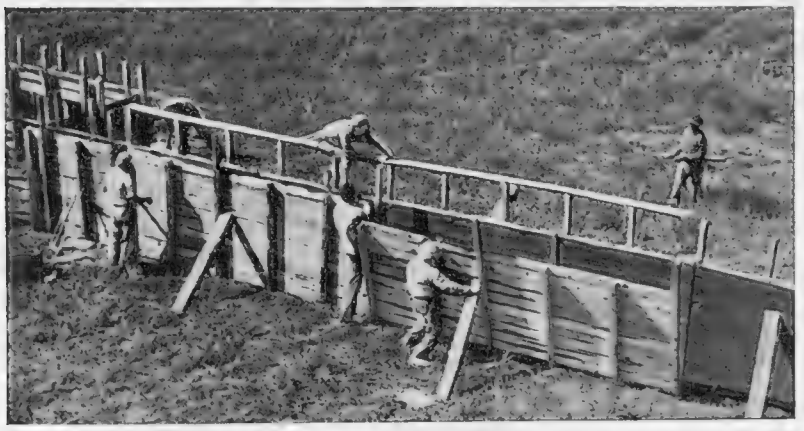
A TREASURED MANUSCRIPT: Members of the Samaritan colony in Nablus with the ancient scroll of the Pentateuch which they claim was written by Abishua, great-grandson of Aaron. They consider this the true word and repudiate as uninspired all the later literature of the Jews

CELEBRATING THE PASSOVER: Samaritans on Mount Gerizim before the hour of sacrifice when, in the Biblical tradition, lambs are slaughtered and blood sprinkled over the tent entrances. The Samaritans are the only Jewish sect that now follows this ritual with all its original simplicity

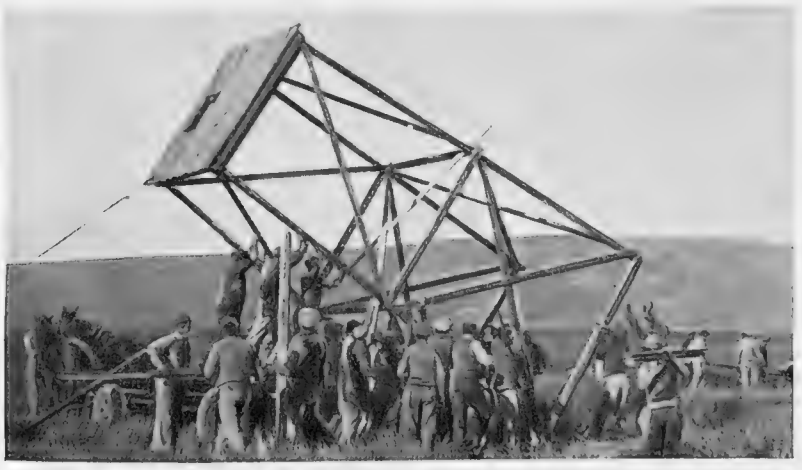
PALESTINE : Pioneer Immigrants Start a New Agricultural Settlement

BY THE BANKS OF THE JARMUK: Mounted frontier guards riding through the lonely, hilly terrain on the borderland of Palestine and Transjordania, a region that is now the scene of agricultural development as Jewish immigrants from Europe seek to establish themselves there and eke a livelihood from the not unfertile soil, despite the menacing Arab bands that roam across the countryside

THE PIONEERS ARRIVE: Jewish settlers in the Jarmuk river district unloading the wooden sectional houses in which they will live until such time as they earn sufficient to build more permanent structures. It may take years before prosperity comes their way, but these men are determined to find a livelihood in the Holy Land, far from the cares of the troubled Europe from which they come



THEIR FIRST THOUGHT: With Arab bands still abroad in the land and danger ever threatening, the settlers of the Jarmuk set to work to build a palisade. A scene reminiscent of early days in western Canada when every farmstead was a fortress

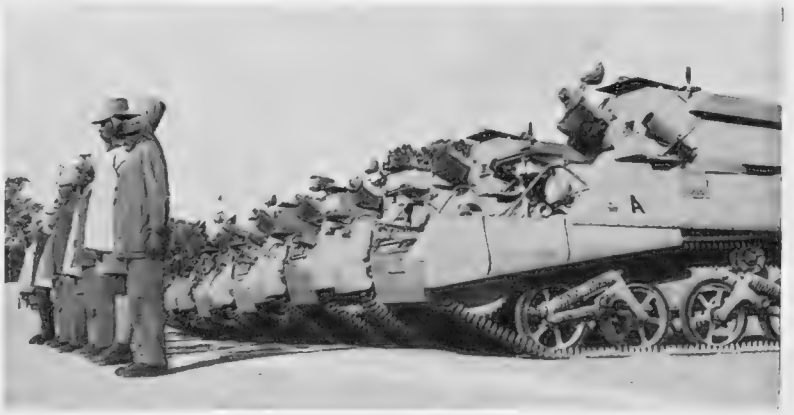


THE WATCH TOWER, which was brought to the place complete, being put in position in the centre of the settlement. From its summit one or other of the pioneers will constantly keep on the look out for danger, so that, if Arab bands should approach, he can warn his colleagues to leave their work in the fields

EGYPT : The Meharistes, Guardians of Law and Order in the Desert Territory

"BE PREPARED" THEIR MOTTO: Men of that efficient branch of the Egyptian Army known as the Meharistes whose duty it is to guard the desert country they know so well, keeping a constant watch for drug-traffickers, particularly along the Red Sea shore, and other breakers of the law. The force is partly mechanised, but camels are still used extensively in the remoter districts

IN UNISON: Meharistes advancing to the "attack" during manœuvres held recently in the desert when they demonstrated their superb efficiency. These men have gained an enviable reputation in the service, and time and time again have succeeded in breaking up dangerous drug-trafficking organisations. Theirs is a really formidable task, demanding a rare combination of brains and courage



THE MECHANISED SQUAD: Crews parading in front of their tanks before taking part in the Meharistes' autumn manœuvres which included a mock battle on an extensive scale. The tanks are specially adapted for desert operation

MACHINE GUNS ON MULES: Another Mehariste unit going into action during the recent exercises. The animals are wonderfully fit, as witness the sheen of their coats. The guns are of rather an unusual type and are so encased in order to prevent sand particles clogging the mechanism as they are always likely to do

TANGANYIKA CROSS-SECTION:

An Impression of Social Life in the Former German Colony which, since the War, has been under British Mandate and has Attracted Many British Settlers

By PATRICK BALFOUR

HIGHLAND CARAVANSERAI: These thatched huts are the sleeping quarters at an hotel set amid delightful alpine surroundings on the borders of Kenya and Tanganyika. Mr. Balfour has much to say of hotel life in his article

THE Frenchman in Africa drinks vermouth, Dubonnet, wine, or at the strongest a mild nip of mild whisky drowned in Perrier. The Belgian drinks nothing but beer. But when I crossed the frontier from the Belgian Congo into Tanganyika it was clear that I was back in a drinking country. The bar of the Greek hotel was amply stocked with gin, whisky, brandy, ales, and stout, and with a clientele to drink them. The proprietor showed me his most treasured possession —a chit for two beers, signed by the Prince of Wales.

Just as his Greek compatriots, who run most of the hotels in French and Belgian territory, had provided me in turn with food which was essentially French or Belgian in character, so he had achieved, with the consummate versatility of his race, a cuisine as leaden and tasteless as the menu of the average English provincial hotel. I felt at home again.

Next day I travelled 160 miles over the Cape-to-Cairo road to spend a week-end in the Southern Highlands. I had a seat in a ramshackle lorry which had the words Royal Mail emblazoned on it in gold. Twenty-five miles out we had a puncture. The tyre was ripped to pieces. The Royal Mail had no spare tyre and no puncture outfit. After a four hours wait by the roadside, through the heat of the day, an Indian trader's lorry passed, the trader lent us his puncture outfit and the Royal Mail continued its journey, ploughing through morasses of mud in the centre of the Cape-to-Cairo road, jolting through ruts like canyons, floundering through flooded and unbridged streams.

My only companion was a German planter with twirling moustaches. "The famous Cape-to-Cairo road!" he muttered in guttural disgust. "The all-red British Empire route to the Cape! Your Government does not wish to spend money on its roads because you are so soon to give up Tanganyika to us, yes?"

After two more punctures we reached the town of Iringa at three o'clock in the morning. It had taken us fifteen hours to cover 160 miles. I slept in the billiard room of a crowded hotel. It was called the White Horse Inn, its proprietor was a German, and next morning I ate a huge German breakfast on a veranda prettily festooned with tropical creepers. All my fellow guests were Germans.

There was a rival hotel run by a Scottish army officer, and most of his guests were German, too. They swarmed in the bar, swilling beer and whisky on credit. They discussed their insolvency in guttural accents. Most of them had lost money trying to grow coffee in soil unsuited to it. A blond youth in leather shorts came into the bar, ordered twelve bottles of Pilsener, stuffed some into the pockets of his leather shorts and went out with the rest under his arm. "Herr So-and-So," he added as an afterthought, "would sign a chit for them." The proprietor shrugged his shoulders in weary resignation. Another German rushed in and spoke quickly to two compatriots at the bar. He had blood on his shirt. They left their drinks and followed him out. The weekly Nazi meeting had ended, as usual, in a brawl.

It was a very different atmosphere which met me that evening. My English friends drove me to their farm, which stood in fine downland country at a height of 6,000 ft. The climate was bracing, and we wore tweeds. Lawns and flower-beds merged into the downland. A marshy stream, well-stocked with fish, ran through the valley below the house. There were snipe in its marshes and shooting of every kind in the neighbourhood. There was a fresh green paddock, surrounded by stables in which my host kept sixteen horses and polo ponies. Their house had cost them £100 to build. It had mud-brick walls and a thatched roof. There was a long, comfortable room, lined with bookshelves and furnished with cretonne-covered armchairs and sofas. There were bowls of roses and honeysuckle on the tables, leopard skin rugs on the floor, hunting pictures on the walls, sporting trophies on the mantelpiece.

We sat round an open fireplace with a blazing wood fire and read the English illustrated papers, while retrievers basked at our feet. There were silver and family portraits in the dining-room and the food was excellent. The beds were comfortable and the water was always hot. It was the life of an English country house whose owners are fairly well-to-do.

NATIVE FISHERFOLK pictured on the shores of the great freshwater Lake of Tanganyika

STAPLE CROP: Sisal stacked and awaiting transport on a British plantation. It constitutes Tanganyika's largest export

But in Tanganyika it is a life which costs next to nothing. Land costs about a penny an acre. Living expenses are £5 a month for two people. Your most expensive servant costs you 35s. a month. On a private income of £200 a year, supplemented by what you make on your farm, you are comfortable. On £400 a year you are rich.

Soon the whole of the Southern Highlands will be populated by English country gentlemen in farms of this kind. A company, under the chairmanship of Lord Chesham, has acquired large areas of land which it will lease to English settlers. They will be encouraged to go in for mixed farming, which provides a more stable return than the one-crop farms which have proved so disastrous to the Germans.

They will have the benefit of communal machinery and the farming experience of hardened settlers. An aerodrome and a polo ground are being constructed, and a club well-equipped with squash and tennis courts, to which all the settlers will have access. England is being recreated in the Southern Highlands of Tanganyika.

Some impression of what the south will soon become may be obtained in the north, in the Usumbara Mountains and on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. Arusha, on market day, is like an English country town, busy with retired English colonels and farmers in tweeds and breeches who have driven in in their box-body cars to buy their weekly supplies. On the veranda of the hotel is a vegetable market where Englishmen bid against each other for one another's produce.

Germans, Boers, and Scandinavians impart a cosmopolitan atmosphere. A pair of Germans, jovially drunk, hailed me as Gottfried, a long lost friend, and refused to let me go until they had stood me several tankards of beer.

I spent Easter at a German hotel in the Usumbara Mountains called The Lawns. It provided every variety of English sport, in which the Germans engaged with becoming seriousness. There was a golf course, a clay-pigeon shooting range, a fly-fishing club. There was a pretty garden with tree-ferns and cannas and beds of ripe strawberries. The proprietor was a German white hunter who had belonged to all the best clubs in Germany before the war and displayed numerous racing cups about the hotel. It was a good show, he remarked, that Oxford had won the Boat Race at last. He stood us drinks in a bar which was panelled in zebra-skin and played dance music.

An English lady, dressed for the moors, said she liked coming here because it was so like Perthshire.

There was a young Englishman who worked on a sisal plantation. It was a great relaxation, he said, to get up here from time to time. At home he belonged to the Bachelors' Club, but here his only companions were the Germans who worked on the plantation. They did not care for conversation and had never heard of cricket or football. They earned miserable salaries but lived only for their work. They imbibed Nazism like the Gospel, and one of them nearly had apoplexy when he lent him John Gunther's *Inside Europe*. It was like lending *Lady Chatterley* to a bishop.

Up the road was an English country club which was run by a man called Battling Bill. It was amply furnished with cretonne-covered armchairs and amply stocked with illustrated papers. Its pride was its trout streams and its golf course.

The latter, however, had certain disadvantages. That morning the Governor of Tanganyika had done an excellent drive when a crow swooped down, picked up his ball, and flew off with it.

THE WHITE HORSE INN: One of many German-owned hotels in the former German colony. This one is at Iringa in the Southern Highlands and has a large Nazi clientele which at the moment is not too prosperous

"DUG-OUT" AND "AMBACH"

Canoeing on African Waters

On left—
TRANSPORT ON THE WHITE NILE: Sudanese natives of the Taufikya district landing from their ambach canoe on the banks of the great river. These craft, which are made of reeds and are even lighter than cork, can be carried with ease by a woman. Throughout the Sudan their shape appears to be more or less standardised, and all of them are about 10 ft. long, being well made and rather neatly finished. The ambach has one big disadvantage—it floats in the river instead of on it, and as a result the occupants sit three or four inches deep in water. This does not worry the natives, however, for their clothing is scanty in the extreme. The craft is difficult to upset and is absolutely safe, unless, of course, a hippopotamus by some accident rises directly beneath it

On right—
NECK AND NECK: Dug-out canoes returning from a fishing expedition on the White Nile. This type of craft is quite different from the ambach and is really rather a crude affair, the hull, which is made by burning out a log, being seldom straight and having a very unfinished appearance. This is the largest kind of canoe seen in the Sudan, but on the Congo some of them have accommodation for forty men rowing on each side and ten in the bow, while eight more may guide at the stern with paddles

WATERMEN OF THE DARK CONTINENT: *Left*—A native party landing on the shores of Lake Victoria. The boat in the foreground, it will be observed, is of a more advanced type than others depicted on this page, being made of wood and having a covering of skin to keep out the water. *Right*—Dug-outs on a Nigerian river lagoon, with an island village in the background. The native standing up in his boat is probably attempting to spear fish

A NOTABLE ACQUISITION: This rare Syrian glass vase, of the pre-Islamic period, which has just come into possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is remarkable for its completeness, as there are few examples in existence with the applied discs intact. These discs show repr. sentations of birds with rich plumage, warriors on horseback, and other figure and are really beautifully worked. The vessel is made from a thick brown gla

OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD: This Syrian ivory statuette dates from the 13th or 12th century B.C. The use of ivory can be traced almost to the earliest period at which man is known to have existed

PERSIAN AND SYRIAN TREASURES

Acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art

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A Rare Glass Vase of the Pre-Islamic Period —A 12th-Century Bronze Incense Burner of Quaint Design

PERSIAN ART OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY: This bronze incense burner in the form of a lion is stylised in a manner characteristic of the Seljuk period when natural forms were for the most part subordinated to decorative convention

"CEAD MILE FAILTE"

In other Words "A Hundred Thousand Welcomes" to Those Attending the Annual Mòd at Dundee, Gaelic Counterpart of the Welsh National Eisteddfod

THE forty-first National Mòd was held this year in the Caird Hall, Dundee. This hall is the second largest in Great Britain, and one realised at once that something unusual was afoot by *Cead Mile Failte* hanging in large gay lettering above the entrance. These words puzzled some visitors, certainly those who had travelled many miles from the South to be present. Cead Mile Failte means a Hundred Thousand Welcomes and, hanging there in the East Coast air, seemed to crystallise the whole atmosphere of the Mòd.

EXPONENT OF THE CLARSACH: Miss Margaret Balfour, of Colinton, accompanying herself on the Celtic harp when winning the competition for solo singing with this instrument at the Gaelic Mòd held in the Caird Hall, Dundee. Mary Queen of Scots was a clarsach player

The annual Mòd held by An Comunn Gaidhealach is a great event among the people of West Scotland, a summing-up of all local Mòds held in different districts, and therefore entirely unlike an ordinary musical festival. Gaels enter for the various competitions from all over the world, coming from as far away as the islands in the Hebrides, and this year several of the competitors had homes as far off as Canada and Australia.

All competitions are held in Gaelic, and the first day is given up to children's events. One of the choirs came all the way from the island of Luing, and consisted of six small children. Apart from the choral and solo-singing classes, there are literary and oral sections, comprising translation, narrative, reading with expression, and at sight, and for Gaelic conversation. That day came to a close with a concert given by prize-winners, and was presided over by the Dowager Countess of Airlie.

The second day is given up to vocal music, and there are classes for encouraging the revival of older and less-known district songs.

The third day is principally for rural choirs. Sir Hugh Roberton, conductor of the famous Glasgow Orpheus Choir prefaced his adjudication by saying that the audience now beheld the miracle of the Mòd. The Mòd had achieved many things, but if anyone had told them twenty years ago that in a few years time there would march on to the platform choirs from the Highland glens without any choral traditions, who would face up to some of the best choirs in the country, they would have said that such a thing could never happen. Another set of important classes are for the clarsach or Celtic harp. They are for solo singing to the clarsach, accompanying a singer, the best rendering of two Gaelic airs, and a special competition for the best performance of Celtic music on the clarsach. It is a very ancient and romantic instrument and was originally used by the bards, while later there were a number of famous players including Mary Queen of Scots, whose harp may still be seen.

FROM AN ISLE OF THE WEST: Seven-year-old Royma Hughes, of Luing, Argyll, studying her programme at the Gaelic Mòd at Dundee, the forty-first to be held by An Comunn Gaidhealach and always an eagerly awaited annual event among enthusiastic Scots

Interesting, too, are the classes for an original Gaelic speech and best-acted dialogue, and an ancient folk-tale narrated in the traditional style.

On the two final evenings there were concerts, the Earl of Airlie officiating at one and the Marquess of Graham, himself a Gaelic speaker, at the other, and the programmes consisted of all the principal prize winners, and an extremely high standard of work was displayed.

So the Mòd drew to a close, as unique an assembly to look at as to listen to. The variety of beautiful old tartans worn by those present was as striking as the variety of Gaelic tunes which were heard by delighted listeners.

COUNTESS HAUGWITZ REVENTLOW AS AN ITALIAN SCULPTOR SEES HER: This fine study of the American heiress is the work of Antonio Berti, an outstanding craftsman of the younger school, and was made during the sitter's last visit to Venice when Signor Berti had the opportunity of seeing her on the Lido. The natural pose gives the figure great vitality

"KATHLEEN": A new sculpture by Jacob Epstein now on view at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, together with other works by this much praised and much reviled artist

NEW SCULPTURE: *Berti and Epstein*

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LONDON AS ONCE IT WAS

A Selection of Some of the Remarkable Old Prints which Lord Wakefield has Presented to the City and are now on View at Guildhall Art Gallery

BUTCHERS ROW, FLEET STREET: This water-colour by T. Hosmer Shepherd, who flourished about a century ago and specialised in the depiction of London's streets and buildings, is one of the outstanding items in the collection of 1,500 prints, paintings, and drawings Lord Wakefield has presented to the City

HOLLYWELL STREET, STRAND: Another example of the work of that great nineteenth-century topographical artist, T. Hosmer Shepherd, who made London his especial subject and portrayed its picturesque character with such unerring skill

LOVERS of old London, and their number is legion, as witness the volume of protest following any new vandalistic threat, will be delighted with the exhibition at Guildhall Art Gallery of some 300 of the 1,500 items in the collection of prints, watercolours, and drawings made by Lord Wakefield and now presented by him to the City. What chiefly distinguishes the collection is that it has been formed with an eye to the intrinsic interest of the subjects, to their value as documentary evidence of how London looked in days gone by, and not, as is usual, for the sake of technically fine examples of more or less familiar scenes. The collection, which is too large to be displayed permanently but will be kept in portfolios in Guildhall, covers a period from the late seventeenth century to the early years of the twentieth century, and the range of topographical subjects includes not only London but the home counties as well. The earliest work on view is a pencil drawing of 1672 by Thomas Wyck, showing Old St. Paul's after the Great Fire and the Renaissance additions that had then already been made to the original Gothic structure.

WHEN MILE END WAS IN THE COUNTRY: This engraving of an almshouse, showing the rural aspect of its surroundings, was the work of Simon Gribelin, a line engraver who came to England about the year 1680 and achieved quite a considerable reputation. The picture is another important item in the wonderful exhibition at the Guildhall Art

EMBARKING AT DICE QUAY FOR MARGATE

Gallery of the collection formed by Lord Wakefield and which is of such immense interest as it gives a very clear idea of how London and its surroundings looked during the long period from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth century

RUINS OF SIR THOMAS POPE'S HOUSE IN BERMONDSEY: When the topographical artist, John Buckler, did this water-colour in the early years of the nineteenth century, the building was fast falling into decay, although it showed clearly enough its fine dignity of proportion. Pope, who died in 1559, is chiefly known to fame as the founder of Trinity College, Oxford

WHEN NEW CROSS STATION CAUGHT ON FIRE IN THE PRESENCE OF A ROYAL TRAVELLER: The lithograph by the French artist, E. Pingret, depicting the dramatic scene as Louis Philippe and his suite were received on the platform on returning from a visit to Windsor, while in the background a fierce conflagration held sway. As an historical document the work is of great interest and value

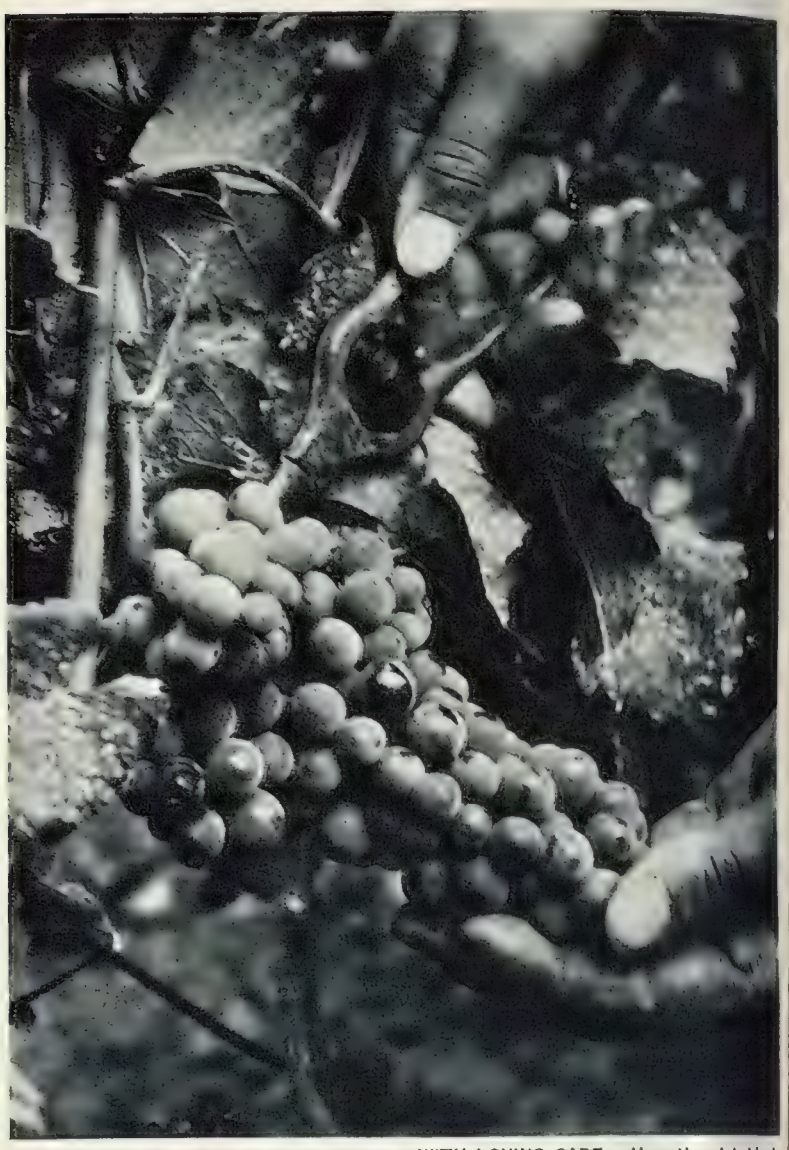
Leaving London Docks for a pleasure trip in the old days of sail when the ladies, dressed in all the glory of their frills and furbelows, were hardy enough to enjoy what must have been quite a rigorous experience

SMITHFIELD IN 1844: The work of an unknown artist whose draughtsmanship was much in the manner of T. Hosmer Shepherd. Originally an open field of considerable size, Smithfield has been the scene of jousts, fairs, tournaments, executions, burnings, and a host of other events. Even in the last century the place was described as muddy, filthy, and dangerous. Of sixty-seven houses around it thirteen were inns and it was for long notorious as a resort of bad characters and sharp practitioners

THE GRAPE HARVEST IN HISTORY

Old Scenic Tapestries and Other Matters Relating to Wine Making in France in the Early Days

THE GREAT DOM PERIGNON: The statue to the monk who in 1682 discovered the secret of champagne's sparkle, thus giving the wine the vitality that has brought it renown. He also perfected the system of blending and substituted corks for tow



WITH LOVING CARE: How the rich black grapes are gathered, the picker holding the tapering end in one hand and clipping the stem with secators

WHERE DOM PERIGNON FOUND THE SECRET OF CHAMPAGNE'S SPARKLE: The Abbey of Hautvillers, show place of the wine-producing district. Champagne, as we know it now, was invented at the end of the 17th century. It is recorded that Peter the Great drank it when he passed through Rheims in 1717

PATRON SAINT OF VIGNERONS: St. Vincent, the deacon of Saragossa, who was martyred in the Dacian persecution and, for no apparent reason, is believed to watch over the wine-growers. "If on St. Vincent's Day the sky is clear, more wine than water will crown the year" is an old saying

VINEYARD WORKERS OF FIVE CENTUR depicted in this French tapestry, with th of castles and stately domains. The m cutting, carrying, and implanting the sti holding up the vines as they progress tow

WINE PRODUCTION IN OLD-TIME BURGUNDY: This seventeenth-century tapestry provides detailed evidence of how the grapes were dealt with after gathering in those far off days. In the foreground a man is pressing them with his feet and the must is pouring into a tub, while in the background is an elaborate press

AGO are background are shown used for maturity

On right—GLORIFYING BACCHUS: A seventeenth-century wine bucket adorned with stylised rural scenes and containing two wine bottles similarly decorated

A TREAT FOR OLD VICITES: Isabella, the virtuous maid, comes to the dissolute Angelo to supplicate for her brother's life. Marie Ney and Emlyn Williams give first-rate performances in these leading roles in *Measure for Measure* which has been revived at "the theatre over the water" and is the opening production of the Shakespearian season there. It is perhaps the most melodramatic of all Shakespeare's works, culminating in the triumph of virtue and the reformation of vice, but these two artistes bring to bear rare ability and restraint in their interpretation

STAGE *and* SCREEN:

I might continue this laborious account of presumably exciting happenings for a couple of pages or more without exhausting the events with which *Blondie White* is crammed. The result would be as boring as, I must confess, I found the play. That is not to suggest that this is not a very good play as detective plays go and that it will not go with a swing for months and months and months. Mr. Bernard Shaw in one of his prefaces declared in effect a good many years ago that nothing is so tedious as a theme for a play as conjugal infidelity, and he gave that as a reason for writing plays round slum landlords and a brothel-keeper.

It must be still more difficult nowadays for a dramatist to find anything fresh to write about; even Queen Victoria is, in this respect, becoming *vieux jeu*. But my personal inclination lies in the direction of a dozen plays about the eternal triangle rather than one more about someone being found murdered, with three whole acts devoted to discovering who did it.

To me this seems stuff for schoolboys, possibly for nice intelligent schoolboys, but for schoolboys none the less. The devotion of a large proportion of London theatres at the moment to murder plays is a depressing sign. Whether or no they are "deft," "exciting," "swiftly-moving," "full of novel twists" and so forth—and *Blondie White* deserves all such eulogies and more—is beside the point.

It is no pose of priggish intellectualism which prompts me to suggest that if the word "thriller" could be placed in the *index expurgatorius* for a period of years the British drama would be all the better for it. Of course it cannot be. The public must be given what it wants and not what managers think it ought to want. Although many "thrillers" fall down—one fell down recently with a sickening thud after a run of four nights—the crop of successes is obviously large enough to warrant the production of more and yet more of them.

So be it. But the pro-drama folk who are at the same time anti-film folk cannot consistently go all cock-a-whoop and look down their superior noses at the thuggery of cinema stories. Scratch the dramatic taste of 1937 and but a fraction of an inch beneath the surface will be found that which made our grandfathers applaud *Maria Martin* or the *Murder in the Red Barn* and *The Idiot Boy*, or *Dumb but Innocent*.

"Autumn."—The chief puzzle in *Autumn*, founded on some Russian original by Miss Margaret Kennedy, is not concerned, fortunately, with how somebody came to be murdered and with discovering the identity of the murderer. There is no murder here, unless it be of the play itself which, whether or no there was an assassin, certainly died at the end of two exceptionally good acts.

What I am not able to solve is why at the very beginning an unfaithful wife, reading out his letters to her temporarily blind husband, should have included an anonymous one, containing not only accusations of infidelity, but the name of her lover. Surely ordinary female horse-sense—or mare-sense—would have prompted her to some colourless extemporisation, even if she had not (which ninety-nine women out of a hundred would do) read the thing swiftly over to herself beforehand the moment she spotted unfamiliar handwriting. It is still more likely that she would have had a peep at the signature first, and finding there wasn't one, have said nothing about that letter at all. In that case, however, there would have been nothing at all for this play to be about. So possibly that is the puzzle's solution.

Here, then, is the cat out of the bag, with Lady Catharine Brooke trying to stuff it in again, and to stuff her husband with some incredible yarn that the man Seeley is not her lover but is hanging round the house because he is in love with pretty young Monica, who is Lady Catharine's step-daughter. Sir Brian Brooke, being a successful K.C. and blind only in the physical sense, does not believe a word of this. Seeley is asked by Lady Catharine to keep up the pretence about Monica and soon finds pretence becoming reality. The two become engaged, and at a party to celebrate the betrothal Lady Catharine flops down in a faint while playing

VIRTUE TRIUMPHS: Isabella (Marie Ney), though on the point of taking the veil, returns to the world to save the life of her brother and puts her case before the Duke of Vienna (Stephen Murray), thus exposing the vicious Angelo (Emlyn Williams). The part of Isabella is perhaps the most remarkable created by Shakespeare; "this woman, more virginal and warm than Juliet, more hapless and wounded than Ophelia, more eloquent and upright than Portia"

WHAT a packet of trouble Scotland Yard would have on its hands if all the people who wrote murder stories poked their noses into real life murder cases and became amateur detectives! Since about 90 per cent. of our popular novelists and a hardly smaller proportion of playwrights busy themselves with the tracking down of crime, the policeman's lot would not be a happy one, and an ancient profession (though not the oldest) would be ruined by amateurs.

The battle waged between the police force and unofficial detectives is at least as old as the adventures of Sherlock Holmes who, it will be remembered, preserved outwardly friendly relations with the police but enjoyed showing them up, with much urbanity, as fools and dolts. In the case of *Blondie White*, a detective play of incredible complexity at the Globe Theatre, relations are rather more friendly and closely interwoven to a correspondingly unbelievable extent. We are asked to accept that a fiction writer and an official high up at Scotland Yard are the best of friends for no better reason than that they are both in love with the same woman, the writer having married her. When a peer is murdered in a third class carriage and his priceless collection of pearls stolen—for it seems that peers with priceless pearls travel third class—and this murder is swiftly followed by that of a young woman of an affectionate disposition named Blondie White, the novelist pits his powers against those of his detective friend.

Not only that, he publishes his investigations in serial form in a popular newspaper, claiming that each instalment will be a forecast of actual happenings. He mixes himself up in the affairs so thoroughly that it looks as if he himself had murdered Blondie or the earl, or probably both. I did not blame him for that, but I did blame him for putting his very pretty and adoring wife, who expected that he would be arrested at any moment, on the rack of anxiety.

On right—AN ARCHITECT DESIGNS A CLEVER STAGE SETTING: Frank Scarlett, F.R.I.B.A., planned this all-purpose set for *Measure for Measure* at the Old Vic, and it is being used throughout the play, various lighting effects transforming it so that it appears differently from scene to scene

"Blondie White," a Detective Play of Incredible Complexity: "Autumn" Fades Out After Two Exceptionally Good Acts: Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge Play "Hide and Seek"

By PHILIP PAGE

the piano accompaniment to Monica's song. This episode is of the stage stagey and is unnecessary in that it confirms Sir Brian's belief in something we know he knows already. But if merely theatre it is at least good theatre and it leads to a tense, very real, and beautifully acted scene between husband and wife after the latter's faint has driven the guests away and poor Monica "out into the night," and far from an atmosphere somewhat unpleasant (and in the Russian original, I will warrant, far more unpleasant). Thus the play ends; for the last act is a mass of padding, half obvious and not very comic comedy, and half patchings-up and reconciliations and all the rest of it which could have been, and should have been, taken for granted.

For having received two-thirds of a remarkably fine play let us be truly thankful. Thankful, too, for Mr. Basil Dean's immaculate production of it and his rare intuition in selecting the perfect cast. To Miss Flora Robson as Lady Catharine is given the greatest scope; I can think of no actress to play the part better and only one to play it as well. But Miss Victoria Hopper showed great power and her Monica was an exquisite performance in every way; the part might so easily have been turned into that of a simpering *ingénue*.

Mr. Wyndham Goldie is, of course, a far better actor than one would suspect from his conventional portrait of the K.C. husband; but how can one Parnellise when one is not required to be Parnell?

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS: While waiting at the Governor's table the native servant hears news of her lover's escape from gaol on a distant island and guesses at once that he is probably making for home in an open canoe. An episode from Samuel Goldwyn's film *Hurricane* the scenario of which has been written by the authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and which is expected to prove one of the outstanding pictures of the year

"Hide and Seek."—Musical comedy has decided not to let Mr. Priestley have it all his own way over the Time Theory. Not a bit of it. The treatment of such matters in *Hide and Seek* at the London Hippodrome need not, however, frighten off those who want only a good time in a theatre and are not concerned when once they are there with theories about anything.

When the play goes back to the 'nineties we see side-whiskers on Mr. Bobby Howes and Miss Cicely Courtneidge with Victorian instead of Neo-Georgian *hauteur* and we may leave it at that. "Forty years on" Mr. Howes is the leading man of a seaside concert party and Miss Courtneidge the leading lady. She is taken to New York by a prowling impresario and makes a big hit. He does not impress the impresario but goes to New York on his own account as a waiter and comes into a fortune, owing to some shares held by his side-whiskered father, of 1,000,000 dollars. So all is well.

Whether Mr. Howes and Miss Courtneidge will continue to lead the same existence in a new life and in a whole succession of lives, or move, as Mr. Priestley would say, in ever-widening spirals as they are born again, I neither know nor care. But I do know that they will be continuing their existence at the Hippodrome in this play for a Long Time. It is an emphatic success.

The combination is a good one. Mr. Howes has seldom before, I think, worked with other than a "foil" for his own funniments. Here he has a brilliant comedienne—how gloriously funny is Miss Courtneidge!—as a partner. The result is not that Mr. Howes is less amusing (though there were moments when Miss Courtneidge transcended him and everyone else) but that his more sentimental moods were shown in better contrast.

And to hear Mr. David Burns, the essence of gangsterdom (but, like that Nonconformist pirate, Smee, likely to be found lovable by any child) talk of "boyds that sing and woyms that wriggle" I would go to the Hippodrome again and again and again.

(*Continued on page* 170)

On right—JESSIE MATTHEWS IS A GIRL REPORTER in her new film, *Gangway*, which has just been presented at the Gaumont, Haymarket. She gives a good performance and the story, with detectives and gangsters to adorn it, has its gripping moments. Alastair Sim, as a somewhat heavy-footed sleuth is at the top of his form

On left—ARTHUR MARGETSON using a reproduction of the Franz Hals painting when making up for the title role in *The Laughing Cavalier*, the spectacular musical play running at the Adelphi Theatre

"GOING GREEK" AT THE GAIETY: Fred Emney and Leslie Henson make a fine pair of top-hatted Levantine bandits in their latest musical show at this theatre

STARS OF THE SCREEN

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

ELEANORE WHITNEY

Two charming Paramount stars who look delightful in their airy costumes. Miss Swarthout, one of America's foremost singers, is now making *The Yellow Nightingale* with John Boles. Miss Whitney has the reputation of being the screen's fastest tap dancer

FRANCES DEE

BETTY GRABLE

Two more Hollywood lovelies. Miss Dee has just completed *Souls at Sea*, a thrilling drama of the western ocean, and has now started work on a film with her husband Joel McCrae. Miss Grable is a comparative newcomer and great things are expected of her in lighter roles. She will soon be seen in the West End in *This Way, Please*

"ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE, LE JOUR DE GLOIRE EST ARRIVÉ:" Bonnier and Cuculière, two characters in the new French film *La Marseillaise* directed by Jean Renoir, singing the renowned battle hymn of the French Republicans

The "MARSEILLAISE"

Theme Song of a New French Film

NO battle hymn in the world's history aroused a greater degree of popular enthusiasm at its inception than the "Marseillaise," with its stirring tune and its stirring words, and there is no doubt that Jean Renoir's new film, which tells the story of the song's birth and adoption, will find a public far beyond the confines of France. Every one knows the drama of its composition. How in 1792 the young officer, Rouget de Lisle, then stationed at Strasbourg, compiled both words and music under one inspiration one night after dining with the Mayor; how the song first became known as the "Chant de l'Armée du Rhin"; how it was carried by republican soldiery to the provincial cities of France; and how it was brought to Paris by the volunteers of Marseilles who sang it as they entered the capital and as they marched to the storming of the Tuileries; and how Parisians, thrilled by its cadences, called it the "Marseillaise" and made it the republican anthem. The production is on a most elaborate scale, and some striking types of a revolutionary cast of countenance lend the picture an undoubted air of verisimilitude

On left—"AUX ARMES, CITOYENS!" In this episode from the new French film is depicted the arrival in Paris of a party of volunteers from Marseilles who, as they entered the capital and fraternised with the citizens, sang Rouget de Lisle's impassioned hymn

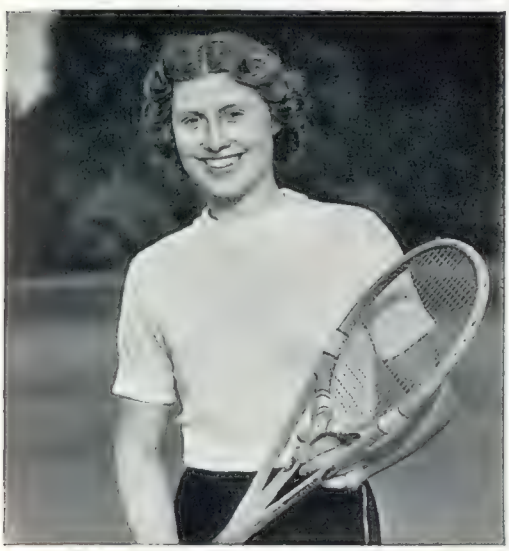
My Goodness—
My Guinness

G.E.683.A

IN THE LENSLIGHT

TATE GALLERY DIRECTOR HOLDS A ONE-MAN SHOW: Mr. J. B. Manson, who has been in charge at Millbank since 1930, with one of his own pictures which he is exhibiting at Wildenstein's, New Bond Street. He has the rare distinction of being as fine a craftsman as he is a critic and his work has not a little of the power of Laurens, the French historical painter under whom he studied in Paris

BUSMAN'S HOBBY: Mr. Reginald Tilbrook, of Hounslow, one of the London Passenger Transport Board's conductors, is a talented artist and has recently been holding a one-man exhibition at the Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street, while on Wednesday of last week some of his pictures were televised by the B.B.C. It was a chance conversation with one of his passengers that led to his "discovery"



NEW WORLD TO CONQUER: Miss Cecilia Colledge, seventeen-year-old world figure skating champion, has a great ambition—she wants to become a tennis star and appear at Wimbledon. She has the services of a well-known coach and is practising hard for next season when she hopes to make her debut

TO JOIN FORCES: Mr. Don Stannard, who was recently selected in a contest as a perfect example of physical fitness, and who is shortly to leave for Hollywood to make a film, pictured with Miss Thelma Nuthall (sister of Miss Betty Nuthall) to whom he is to be engaged before his departure

SOMEBODY IS WAITING FOR HER—7,000 MILES AWAY: Twenty-year-old Miss Peggy Rowe, of Wanstead, a London telephonist, has just left for Iquitos, which is on the upper reaches of the Amazon in Peru. There she is to meet her husband-to-be, Mr. E. C. S. George Drewry, who is the assistant manager of a timber-mill

THE HERO WINS: Robert Taylor going all out for the line during the shooting of a scene at Denham for the film, *A Yank at Oxford*. He is supposed to be winning an inter-varsity relay race

THEY ARE GROWING UP: Yes it's Annette, Emilie, Cecile, Yvonne, and Marie, the Dionne Quintuplets of Callendar, Ontario. They have now passed their third birthday and are well on their way to their fourth, and every month are becoming, we trust, bigger and better girls. There was a scare a short while ago when one of them was ill, but Dr. Allan Defoe, who has cared for them so conscientiously since birth, soon had her up and about again

FIGHTERS *and their* MANAGERS

A Subject that has Come to the Forefront with the News of the Recent Disputes Between Farr and Broadribb, Strickland and Hughes

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the boxing season in full swing, with the internationally-known quarrel between Tommy Farr and Ted Broadribb, with Maurice Strickland's disagreement with Dick Hughes which culminated in a lawsuit, it seems high time to investigate the thorny problem of boxers and their managers. To secure the material I have spoken to Arthur Elvin, Managing Director of Wembley Stadium; to Frank Gentle, General Critchley's partner in the White City and Harringay; to John Harding of the National Sporting Club and Empress Stadium; and finally to Dan Sullivan.

Dan Sullivan ran the Ring at Blackfriars in its heyday. He was Len Harvey's manager for his first 280 fights; he discovered Jack Doyle; he managed Bermondsey Billy Wells, Gipsy Daniels (who once knocked out Schmeling), Mike Honeyman, the featherweight champion; Bandsman Blake, the middleweight champion; Joe Conn, who fought Jimmy Wilde; and Ernie Rice, lightweight champion, among many others. To-day he has a string of nine boxers, so his experience on the subject is unparalleled.

LEN HARVEY is his own manager, but John Harding (*left*) of the National Sporting Club, and A. J. Elvin (*right*) of Wembley, are emphatic in their belief that it is only in rare cases that the pugilist is better off without a manager

First, however, let me record Arthur Elvin's views on the subject. "Some managers are good and some are bad. On the whole there seem to be more managers than boxers. Managers can show as much fight outside the ring as their boxers can show inside it. Personally I don't approve of managers signing up raw boys for as much as five years and perhaps another five years' option. I would love to say what I really think about managers," Mr. Elvin concluded, "but we are not in the United States. I can tell you this, though, I had to spend £150 on Counsel to make sure that my fight at Wembley between Strickland and Neusel took place."

Said Frank Gentle: "I would much sooner deal with a man who understands contracts than with a boxer. The average boxer has no business sense. If managers were on a higher plane there would be some sanctity of contract. It is, however, impossible for a fighter to fix terms for himself and still give attention to his training. Every boxer needs a manager."

John Harding was still more emphatic about a boxer's need for a manager. "A fighter cannot go around canvassing fights, and if he does he will certainly make bad matches for himself. His conceit alone will guarantee that. Last week a manager argued with me for an hour and a half over a question of his man's taking off a pound in weight, and finally called the fight off. A few minutes later the boxer came on the telephone and offered to give his suggested opponent 6 lb. Of course he could not have done that, and the manager very properly called the fight off.

"A manager is also very valuable to a boxer because he knows the records of every boxer up and down the country. A boxer knows only his own record. I also prefer to deal with a manager because you can be sure that he will give you as square a deal as possible, if only because he has several fighters under contract and knows that if he pulls a fast one he will not be able to sell the others. A boxer who is his own manager has no such considerations. There is also the obvious platitude that it is easier to sell someone else's services than your own."

Dan Sullivan considers that managers are a much maligned and ill-treated race. According to him most fighters in the preliminaries show a loss to their manager. It is not until he becomes a top-liner that he starts to show a profit. In fact, a manager is rather like a publisher and the author of a first novel. The publisher knows that the first novel will lose him money but he has hopes for the future. "Or again," said Dan Sullivan, "it is just like buying a horse which you may keep as long as you like and it won't be worth a couple of bob to you. But then again it might be worth £10,000.

"Take Jack Doyle. I bought him out of the army for £37 10s. For a year I didn't make a penny out of him and I spent a great deal of money on him. I took him to see the Petersen and Charlie Smith fight. I took him to see Charlie Smith fighting Reggie Meen. I took him to see the Carnera–Gains fight and had to buy a ticket to get him in. Jeff Dickson insisted on my paying for him. 'Some day you will want this boy and I will make you pay heavily for him,' was my reply.

"Sure enough, in a year Jeff had to pay £1,000 to see him fight. After a year of taking Jack Doyle around I got him his first fight. That was for £30. The next was for £50; the next for £75; the next for £250, rising to £400 for the fifth; £1,000 for the sixth; £1,500 for the seventh; and £5,000 for the eighth. And so it went on. All told, Jack Doyle earned £30,000 when he was with me, including his stage performances, of which I as his manager took the usual 25 per cent. This sounds as though I made £7,500 out of Jack, but it must have cost me £3,500 in popularising him and showing him the ropes and paying for his masseur, and sparring partners.

"In the old days a boxer paid all the training expenses out of his 75 per cent. of the purse. To-day the Board says that if there is £100 to come, the training expenses have to be deducted from that before the manager is paid his percentage. And of course the manager pays for his own expenses all the time. And these can be heavy. More than once I have thrown parties on the night before a big fight to take my boy's mind off it. It would bring 50 to a 100 people to the training quarters. Yes, the manager's hand is always in his pocket. When you think of all the long distance telephone calls and telegrams and taxis to appointments, there is nothing left for the manager until his boy is at the top.

"When Len Harvey came to me he weighed only 8 st. 4 lb. One day I took him to Simpson's just to do his heart good. On his twenty-first birthday I gave him a party at Prince's Restaurant in Piccadilly which cost me £100. I paid for him to be examined by a doctor, and when he said that two of the boy's teeth should be extracted I paid the dentist's bill. Honestly, if a boxer does not turn out to be a champion the manager is out of money. Most contracts are either three years and eighteen months option, or five years with an option of another five years, But, as I say, it is like buying a good horse or a bad horse."

Dan Sullivan pointed out, very truly, that matching a boxer is a highly specialised job. On one occasion Peggy Bettinson offered him £150 for Len Harvey to fight a certain boxer who was too good for Len at the time. "No, governor," said Dan, "but I will take £25 for Len to fight —— whom I think my boy can beat." Dan realised that the other boxer might have broken Len's heart and refused the £150 fight. Len's father complained that Dan had refused the offer, but as Dan succinctly remarked, "It was not me, but Len, who had to fight."

In his long association with Len Harvey which, however, was terminated before Harvey got into the really big money, Dan steered him into earning £20,000, of which £5,000 was Dan's percentage. That, of course, was the gross takings, but there were heavy expenses to meet. Incidentally, Dan Sullivan holds the record for the sale of a boxer's contract. He sold his contract with Jack Doyle to General Critchley for £5,000.

Dan being in an expansive mood, I asked him what he thought about the Tommy Farr-Broadribb affair. Dan pointed out that only eighteen months ago Farr could not get a job. It was Broadribb who had to pull the strings which resulted in his reaching the huge sums of money which he can now demand. In other words, Farr may be pleased that he will no longer have to pay out any money to Broadribb when his present contract expires shortly. But it is probably bad economy.

Boxers cannot squeeze the last penny out of promoters: managers usually can. In order to help out their boxers they frequently have dummy contracts or arrange to have telegraphed offers which enable them to put up the price.

Dan Sullivan was full of the ingratitude boxers show to their managers. "A man will come along," he went on, "and will say that he has seen a good boy. You have a look at him yourself; send for him, and he eats out of your hand. He does exactly as you say. You puzzle your brain how to build him up and mix him in good company to make him a better box-office attraction. You start him at a fiver for a fight, rising perhaps to a tenner or £20.

"You spend a lot of money on him, having him properly fed and looked after, and then when he reaches a point where the promoter will pay £100 for his services he cannot bear to see the manager get £25 of it. And yet if he had gone to the promoter direct himself he would probably have got only £40. A manager, knowing the value of his boy, will get his price put up treble to benefit both the boy and himself."

Dan Sullivan gave me a case in point. He has taken a pageboy under his wing. This boy has been with Dan for twelve months. The top price that Dan has got for him so far is £12 10s. So far Dan Sullivan has not made a sovereign out of him. It costs him at least £1 a week at a very low estimate to have him properly looked after. For his next fight he is getting £7 10s. Dan will have to go and watch the fight to make sure that his selected opponent is there and that he has not been replaced at the last minute by a deputy who is too good for his own boy.

"But the trouble is this," commented Dan sadly, "when a boxer gets into the limelight there are so many hangers-on to poison his mind. He may listen to them when he shouldn't, and then where is the manager? There are some managers, it is true, who take half-a-crown, five bob, and so on, as their due cut to which they are entitled in the early stages of their association with boxers. Personally, I don't think a manager is entitled to take his cut until the boy is getting £20 or £30 a fight. Anyway, that is my rule. After all, it is a hard life for a novice. But after the £30 stage is reached, any good manager is worth his 25 per cent."

Among Dan's string of nine boxers to-day are Leo Phillips, and Tommy Martin of Deptford, who is known as the "English brown bomber", and who beat Jimmy Wilde at the N.S.C. the other day. Jimmy Wilde, you will remember, only lost on points to Tommy Farr. Another of his boxers is Seaman Rowles, and a fourth is Johnny Ward, who was a page boy before Dan became his manager.

To conclude this article, here is a list of famous boxers and the names of their managers: Harry Levene is the manager of Dave Crowley, Jock MacAvoy, Larry Gains, and Jackie Brown; Johnny Best is Peter Kane's manager; Jeff Dickson is Marcel Thil's manager; Carnera was carved up literally. Len Harvey has been on his own for some time. Tommy Loughran's manager is his best friend, Joe Smith. It is a fact that these two have never signed a contract between each other and have always been perfectly amicable.

Carpentier's manager was, of course, the famous Deschamps. Jimmy Wilde had Teddy Lewis for many years. Paul Damski manages Walter Neusel and Gunner Barlund. Ted Broadribb still has George Daly; he used to have Pat Marrinan as well. Then George Cook took him over. Now I believe Marrinan is temporarily on his own. One of the most important managers of all is Johnny Sharp, who represents and manages the English interests of about forty French, Italian, Belgian, Spanish, and other Continental boxers. And they do say that Johnny Sharp and Harry Levene know their business better and argue longer than anyone except old man Sullivan himself.

RURAL ENGLAND NOW

SHOW TIME: *Above on Lef*—A contestant at the Curry Rivell Ploughing Association's annual competition held on the Home Farm, Curry Rivell, near Taunton, Somerset. He had a stiff task as the soil was hard after rainless weeks. *Above*—Taurus II, a good-looking competitor in the Jersey bull class at Wokingham Agricultural Show

BULL-BACK RIDING: This is no publicity stunt, but just everyday routine on Sir Anthony Winfield's estate at Ampthill, Bedfordshire, where it has been found that bulls keep in better condition if given more exercise than can be obtained on a lead. The fine Guernsey depicted here was only recently broken in to bridle and saddle, but is docile enough when the stockman rides him

NEVER AGAIN: To prevent a repetition of last year's disastrous floods in East Anglia, which for weeks placed such extensive areas under water, workmen are now busily engaged in dumping clay at various weak points in the chain of flood barriers. The Great Ouse Catchment Board is spending approximately £300,000 on the task

BRITAIN'S DRY SPELL: Conditions of absolute drought—i.e. fifteen days with less than ·01 in. of rain in any one day—are causing grave concern in many parts of East Anglia, the Midlands, and the North, ploughing being held up in some counties and serious inconvenience caused to firms, such as bleachers, that use large quantities of water. Manchester Waterworks Department, which supplies a large area in South Lancashire, has had to warn householders to ration themselves, the reservoir having supplies calculated to last no more than thirty-four days. *Left*—A dried-up stream bed on an Eastern Counties farm, and (*above*) a lorry being loaded with water for conveyance to a Derbyshire moorland farm where the shortage has become very acute and is tending to disrupt the work

POWER BOATS OF THE NAVY AND R.A.F.

A Variety of High Speed Craft Now Being Employed in the Two Services

Drawn for THE SPHERE *by S. E. Beck*

1.—NAVAL PICKET BOAT: 45 ft. craft with four engines and a speed of about 23 knots. A machine gun can be fitted forward, and they may be provided with depth-charge throwing and mine-sweeping gear. In case of necessity 100 men can be carried.

2.—WARSHIP'S LAUNCH: These 25 ft. 25 knot craft are being supplied to the latest destroyers. They are divided into four watertight compartments, have a cabin forward with sloping windscreen, and a hood aft. Engine control is by throttle lever only, automatic ignition timing being fitted.

3.—R.A.F. TENDER: General service boats, 37 ft. long, with a closed wheel-house, cabin and large open cockpit aft. At the top of the short tripod mast is an electric light fitting. The speed is approximately 28 knots.

4.—16-FT. NAVAL LAUNCH: Fast, handy little partly decked boats, fitted with a canvas dodger amidships giving shelter to the driver, and a big spray hood for the protection of persons in the stern seats.

5.—R.A.F. RESCUE BOAT: Built for going to the help of planes in distress at sea, she has a speed of about 40 knots. There is accommodation for six badly injured men, and a crew of eight. Fitted with wireless telegraph and direction finder.

6.—R.A.F. TARGET BOAT: About 38 ft. long and capable of doing 26 knots. Carries a crew of three. Fitted with wireless, and apparatus at the stern for making smoke signals.

7.—ADMIRAL'S BARGE: A 22-knot boat, 45 ft. in length, fitted with a forward cockpit and cabin for the Admiral's use, a closed wheel-house and aft cockpit. A feature of the boat is a spare engine, which can be substituted for one of those in use in 1 hours in case of breakdown.

8.—R.A.F. REFUELLING TENDER: 25-ft. diesel engined craft used for tending flying boats and seaplanes. The height of hull is restricted so that she can pass under the wings of a machine floating on the water.

9.—TORPEDO BOATS: Have a speed of 40 knots and a radius of action of about 1,000 miles. Triple screw, with three engines of 500 h.p. each. Accommodation is provided for two officers and eight men. Wireless telegraphy and telephony are fitted.

Our modern sea and air forces are finding an ever increasing number of uses for high-speed motor craft. Although to a certain extent similar in hull line, each of the types illustrated above is carefully designed for its own job. The torpedo boats, in particular, are an outstanding new type, offering immense possibilities as a striking force, and also for the defence of our long and intricate coastline. They possess great speed, are quick to manœuvre, and make very difficult targets, either from another ship or from the air. In addition, they are comparatively cheap, and large numbers could be built rapidly in case of emergency. The R.A.F. target boats are another specially interesting type, produced as an aid to aerial marksmanship. The cabin is protected by armour plating, and the forward part of the vessel is packed with a highly buoyant and non-absorbent material.

RUNNING THEIR TRIALS: Three sea tugs of the type selected by Imperial Airways for policing flying boat alighting areas and towing machines to their moorings. The boats have a speed of 32 m.p.h. *On left*—This new power boat, seen showing her paces on Southampton Water, has been specially built for the War Department which will use it for towing targets for practice by shore batteries

This England . . .

Salisbury Plain, in the hollow, Longstock

WHEN we hear men that are wise in these matters speak of the rotation of crops, we may not know exactly what this is, but we realize that it is some kind of plan for keeping the land in good heart. (And with it goes another four-year cycle—crop, stock, manure, soil—that we, too, may be kept in good heart.) Slow, but no true maturity was ever attained without a "fullness of time." So when men, in the making of things, do borrow (as their fathers taught) some of nature's own unhurried ways, the outcome is an enrichment of us all. An every-day example? . . the ancient craft of the brew-house and its mellow heir, your Worthington.

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Norman Hartnell handles formal clothes with an assurance that makes itself felt in every line and in every detail. One of his most dashing afternoon outfits is shown on the right. The black velvet coat, moulded closely to the waist, is hemmed with silver fox, and a fox bib is tucked into the opening at the neck. The dress over which it is worn is also of black velvet, the gathered neck heavily embroidered with strass and crystal

Victor Stiebel, whose clothes are always lovely and whose winter collection has created a sensation, makes the charming day dress photographed below. In fine navy blue wool, the little bolero swings above a swathed sash in cyclamen pink, into which is tucked a bunch of pink and white chrysanthemums. He makes youthful coats with fan-shaped fulness pleated into the waist and his draped evening frocks are classic in their simplicity

Peter Russell is an idealist. Despite his romantic conception of women he demands nothing short of cold perfection, which is why the actual structure of his clothes is never confused. On the right is one of his loveliest evening dresses in shimmering silver lamé suffused with a soft pink glow. Enormous flowers in rose pink and deep wine tones are worn on the corsage above the inset corselet belt, and the taffeta lined satin coat is quilted in a ribbon design and is embroidered with strass

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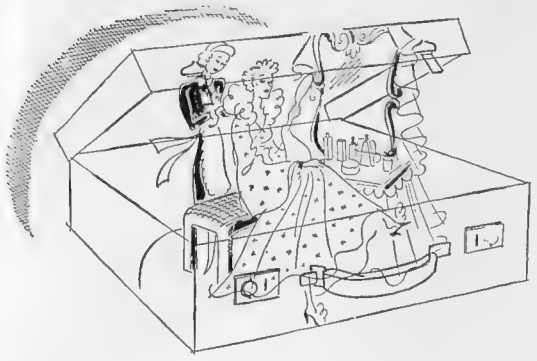

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The WORLD of BOOKS: Ernest Hemingway, Champion Stylist, Writes Another Fine Novel: Good Value from Gilbert Frankau: Norman Collins Makes Bolivia His Setting

By VERNON FANE

"WHO WOULD HAVE DAUGHTERS?" is the rather dismal title of Marguerite Steen's penetrating novel of family life which has just been published by Messrs. Collins and is reviewed on this page

THERE is always a temptation to me to review Mr. Hemingway's work as if he were a champion boxer or a racehorse of impeccable antecedents. Somehow it suits the vitality and force of his writing to be assessed in terms like "at the top of his form" and "still able to give away ten pounds." To pursue the analogy one might say in the words of the tipster, "what beats Hemingway will win".

All of which suggestions I have no doubt Mr. Hemingway would rightly resent and, as rightly, ignore. It remains to be said that **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT** (Cape. 7s. 6d.) is his first novel for too long, and a very good one.

Down at the southernmost tip of Florida, where the land dips to form an arm of the Mexican Gulf, there are small towns in which the constant inhabitants are mostly fishermen, boatbuilders, and sailors. Every winter there is an influx of "resort" people, visitors who come down for the fishing which is superlative, or for the fine weather, or simply, if they are writers, to study life as it is lived there

Harry Morgan was a fisherman and he owned a big sea-going motor boat. He knew every mile between Florida and Cuba, and he had acted as guide and cicerone to rich fishermen, and to fishermen who forgot to pay the bill. He had also, in a small but efficient way, done some rum-running, and a good deal of anything else that demanded a fast boat, and paid a good fee.

The novel, which is very short, is about a few months in his life, spring to autumn, and in its concise vivid pages there is more intensity of drama, and more real excitement and horror and pity than in the entire tome of any current saga. It is Hemingway as we remember him from *Fiesta*, and I imagine that if you did not enjoy that you will hardly be wanting to read this. It is extraordinarily moving, sometimes a little too insistent on brutalities, and written with the familiar artless economy.

Only in a passage towards the end is repetition used, and then it is with a purpose, in a Joycean soliloquy of Harry Morgan's wife. In many ways it is a tough book, and in almost all ways a distinguished one.

THE DANGEROUS YEARS (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. Gilbert Frankau's newest novel, and I quite realise that those simple words are enough to set a thousand pencils busy on a thousand library lists. When I say a thousand I choose that figure only for its euphony. The correct figure, I am quite sure, would be many, many times that number.

Mr. Frankau has great hopes vested in him by his faithful readers, and he has a praiseworthy way of keeping trust with them. "You want the best romance—and at the same time a suggestion of solidity and of English-born dignity—I have them," he might well say, if only he were not aware that such a declaration is unnecessary.

His latest novel is true to type in two particulars—both of them important. It is long and it is readable to the point of hypnotism. It is also set mainly in the shires—among those dependable but at the same time dashing *milieux* of the hunting set. Just occasionally the law or big business interrupts, but only as it were to underline the essentially romantic quality of the life in the great country houses, lived under the vigilant eyes of the family portraits.

The family whose fortunes and misfortunes he traces are first introduced to us on the *Titanic*. Sir John Carteret is drowned and his wife saved, and from that moment, though lovers and sons and horses and in-laws may have their place, it is her book. She is a beautiful woman, generally a practical one, and always courageous. She is, in fact, a fit heroine for a love story or a saga, or even a quiet tale of home life. In this case she has all three to dominate, and proudly and graciously she does it, even when she realises, twenty years after and with a rather unconvincing start of surprise, that one of her children might be illegitimate.

Altogether, one of Mr. Frankau's best, of consistently good value, and with some really lush descriptive writing.

I have no idea whether Mr. Norman Collins is acutely sensitive to the agonies of composition, but I can only hope that he enjoyed writing **FLAMES COMING OUT OF THE TOP** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) as much as I enjoyed reading it. And I think that he did.

His new novel is as full of latent wit as ever, and has some scenes which are so ridiculous and so fantastic that they take on the colours of real life, since we all know that old one about fact and fiction. His story is set in Bolivia for the most part, and for a space in the Gran Chaco where his hero penetrates in pursuit of an absconding customer.

When I say that the hero is a young, dogged, and unimaginative clerk sent out from London to collect a bad debt and a full explanation from a Bolivian agent, and that the agent is an expansive gentleman with a remarkably amoral turn of mind, a beautiful daughter, and a weakness for fireworks, you will get a rough idea of the sort of book this is. Or will you?

Anyway, it is all the greatest fun, and young Dunnett gets his man and, for a moment or two, his cheque, though he loses both in the course of a Paraguayan offensive. He saves the life of one beautiful girl and marries another, and his firm's opinion of his activities has a kind of nightmarish inevitability.

Read it as a little tragedy, or as a story of subtle humour. In either case it is that rarity, a satisfying piece of invention.

It is a familiar situation in fiction that a man should lose his memory and start again from an entirely fresh beginning, that he should build up a life for himself, and that some grim or loving reminder of his past life should suddenly "cure" him, and effectively wreck the work of reconstruction.

What is not so familiar, and was in fact entirely new to me, is the case of a young man who, losing his memory and a certain part of the use of his mind, should begin a fresh life with the body of a man of thirty and the mental equipment of a newborn child.

Mr. T. O. Beachcroft's novel deals with a strange case of this kind taken, as he explains, from a medical history, and thus having its foundation on scientific fact, even if that fact were the only reported case of such a kind which has ever been known.

THE MAN WHO STARTED CLEAN (Boriswood. 7s. 6d.) is Mr. Beachcroft's first novel, I understand, and it has the originality and the clear intelligent phrasing that would have been expected from his short stories, some of which have been quite remarkable. There is nothing stereotyped about Mr. Beachcroft's new plot, handled in the fuller form. His young man, or rather both phases of his young man, are as vital and as compelling in their minute-to-minute development as the protagonists of a murder mystery.

In less than a year the mind of the "baby" has matured astonishingly. He has learned not only speech and action but the ability to think independently, a sometimes uncomfortable accomplishment, and foreign to his earlier self. At the end of a year the problem becomes the question of whether he will stay as he is, Edmund II, or revert, as he continually tends to, to the charming but slightly priggish Edmund I.

The solution is neatly achieved, but to me was the first unconvincing thing in the whole story. Nevertheless it is a very lucid piece of work, and I have a feeling that it will appeal to the type of reader who likes his who-did-its to be written on a rather more intellectual scale than is commonplace.

WHO WOULD HAVE DAUGHTERS? asks Miss Marguerite Steen, in her new novel (Collins. 8s. 6d.), and "Who indeed?" we are inclined to echo as we come to the end of her tale of frustrations, dullness, and sheer unhappiness. If daughters are liable to let their families in for as much concentrated bad luck and mismanagement as the Anerley girls, then by all means let us have sons.

In spite of which dismal and all too arbitrary conclusion, this is an immensely readable novel and full of good characterisation. "Daddy," for the first chapter or two, might seem a little too sweet to be true, a little consciously caricatured, but there is not one brush stroke amiss in the portrait of his wife, a sensible, utterly conventional woman who believes she has married a little beneath her.

As for the daughters, the lovely Flora who enjoyed the tactics of flirtation but never the warmth, Mavis, "our little home girl", whose life was empty of meaning and crowded with trivialities, and Ellen, the neurotic girl who managed to absorb the vitality of her friends and sisters as effectively as a vampire bat takes blood.

Such people do exist, and we have all known them. It is the humanity of the types that we recognise in Miss Steen's book, not the creation of a literary and improbable family. In her lively foreword the author denies any responsibility for having made her puppets too lifelike. "It seems to me quite unavoidable", she writes, "that several people should imagine that they recognise themselves in this book" but "I disclaim in advance any *tour-de-force* of coincidence that might provide the Anerleys with living counterparts".

After which warning the stoutest hunter after libels might find himself quelled.

In the years after the war, Paris was over-run by White Russians, most of whom became night club entertainers or taxi-drivers, and Americans, who ranged from the very rich who bought, and the not-so-rich who attempted to sell anything from a canvas to a short story.

In the latter group was a great number of young men who haunted Montparnasse, "discovered" the Riviera in summer, and made the fortunes of some of the more obscure Paris bars. Some of them had come over on scholarships, but most of them subsisted on a little money from their home-keeping parents, and a good deal of their own confidence. They were, on the whole, lively young creatures, and Paris changed astonishingly when they left in droves at the time of the great slump.

Mr. Edwin Lanham knows that Paris and that South of France well, and some of the most vital scenes in **BANNER AT DAYBREAK** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) deal with that period. His hero, young Clay Hall of pioneer Texas stock, comes to Paris to study and practise painting. In a little village not far from Toulon he falls in love with an equally young compatriot, and takes her back to Paris, where they marry.

Clay's painting being more of an artistic than a commercial asset, they decide to go back to New York, and there, in the heat of a Greenwich village summer, they look for work, Hilda with more determination than Clay. Texas and life on the family ranch offers a solution and to Texas they move. Their problem changes completely. From the bare question of making a living it becomes a struggle to escape the domination of the generation before them.

Clay and his Hilda, the visionary and the practical, stand firm against the tyranny, even the well-meant tyranny of their elders. In the end they have not yet won, though their way begins to seem clearer. As a psychological study it is never banal, and each development in the logical sequence of a maturing mind is extraordinarily interesting. It is the book of a born writer, and it gave me a great deal of pleasure to read.

Colette's novel, or rather series of sketches, **THE MOTHER OF CLAUDINE** (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.) I read some years ago as *Sido*, but I was delighted to have an excuse for reading it again, in translation.

Colette is to my mind one of the most exquisite of living writers so I find it difficult, and even a little unnecessary to write of her work with moderation. One thing is certain, and that is that her

(*Continued on page 170*)

AN UNUSUAL MEMORIAL: This veined marble monument in Ickenham Church must be one of the few in this country bearing the effigy of a child. It was erected in 1665 to the infant son of Sir Robert Clayton and a picture of it is reproduced in the *Inventory of the Historical Monuments of Middlesex*, an invaluable work of reference which has just been published by H.M. Stationery Office

In the Gillow Tradition

If there be anyone who sees with regret the passing of the old craft of cabinet making let him take heart, for in one corner of England at least the old idea of craftsmanship is an 'unconscionable time a-dying.' Here at Lancaster in the cabinet shop where Hepplewhite served his apprenticeship furniture is still made with as much painstaking care as was the custom a century or more ago. Some interesting pieces have but lately arrived and are on show at Waring & Gillow for all lovers of fine furniture to see and to admire and perhaps to buy.

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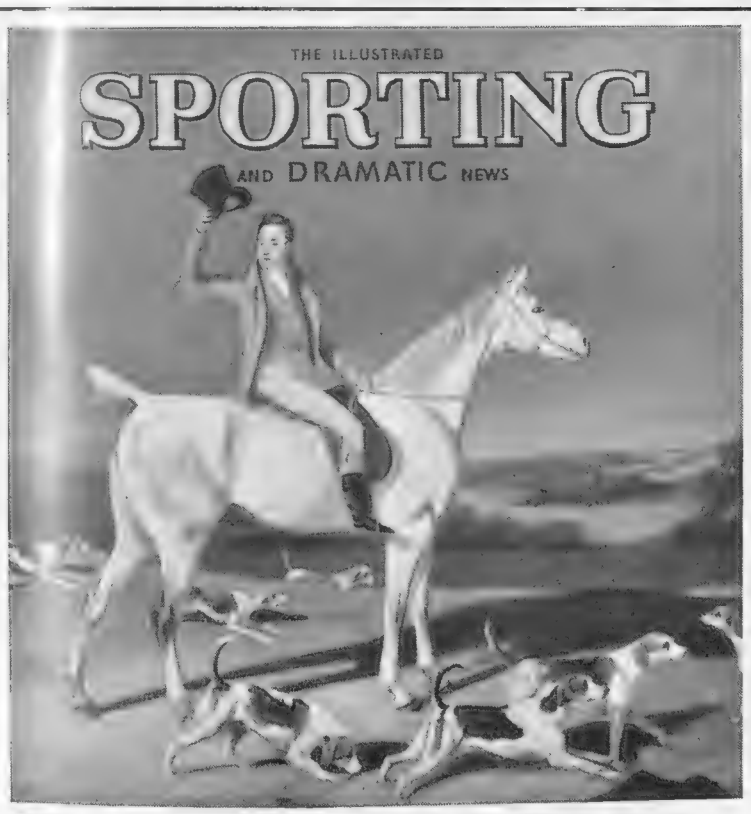

This cover of The Hunting Number is in full colour.

DICK HALFORD, Master of the Berks and Bucks Harriers, by H. B. Chalon.

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ABYSSINIA (Continued from page 145)

Somaliland had been reached but not the nicest part of it. This was to come during the motor journey along the beautiful coast of the Indian Ocean to Kisimayo in Jubaland which once formed part of Kenya. Here a native "fantasia" was given in our honour, one of the chief performers being a retired cannibal!

Even on the equator there was a cool breeze from the south-westerly monsoon, and much time was spent seeing over the plantations of bananas, cotton, and arachid (monkey nuts), which form part of Italy's industrial colonisation. The occupation of Ethiopia has given a fresh start to the colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland, all of which are now known as Italian East Africa.

Mogadishu is quite the most attractive town of the whole empire, with its white Oriental buildings, broad streets, and palm trees, and it was with real regret that we saw its ocean setting fade into the horizon as our pilot set his course for Belet-Wen on the Webi Shebeli. Another hot spot, more kind hospitality, and another native "fantasia" before an early start on our flight over the forbidding desert of the Ogaden. Looking down from the air the country didn't look too bad, with the new roads running straight as far as the eye could see, but this region is best seen from a distance.

Between Diredawa and Harar the car broke down and we arrived to dine with the Governor 2½ hours late and in that condition when it is unwise to try to wash your face! There was a great change in the cleanliness of the narrow streets of Harar, which was formerly the dirtiest town I have seen anywhere. The old dilapidated market place had gone and a new Government House was half built. The journey to Jibuti by rail completed this tour, which showed what Italy has done in her first year of empire.

STAGE AND SCREEN (Continued from page 157)

"Take It Easy."—A dull revue is apt to carry with it for the critic the added penalty that he has to see it twice. For "with indomitable pluck," etc., the perpetrators of it may produce a revised edition which has duly to be inspected and encouraged. *Take It Easy* at the Palace I had to take all over again the other night and I did not find it easy, since the main fault seemed to have been emphasised rather than remedied—the overdose of the brand of humour (if such it can be called) of Miss Barbara Blair.

Miss Blair has some little talent for exploiting wistful childishness, which as a strictly subordinate "turn" would be acceptable in most light entertainments, though more acceptable, I think, in a restaurant cabaret than in a large theatre. But long episodes of puerility, deliberately half-articulate, defied the efforts of the capable revisers of this revue.

CONTINUATIONS

For the rest, *Take it Easy* has been made brighter and shorter and snappier and on that account should be seen. Mr. Gerrard is really funny as an amateur electrician, the comely chorus remains comely, Miss Lorna Hubbard dances neatly and sings in tune, and two American gentlemen do incredibly slick things with hats and Indian clubs.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 168)

reputation in England is not nearly so great as it should be. Arnold Bennett once wrote of her, "There is nobody like Colette, her interest in the sentimental hearts and the unruly bodies of men and women," and truly there is no one exactly like her. She defies classification, thank heaven, and writes in her own inimitable way, choosing her words from an immense and perfectly balanced vocabulary, phrasing with exquisite precision, and calling on that infallible gift of hers for observation.

Naturally Colette's work needs something more than an ordinarily competent translation, because of its quality and because of its very simplicity, which leaves no loopholes for compromise. Mr. Charles King has tackled his problem with courage, and on the whole with success.

In addition to the books reviewed on page 168 the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications:—

What Men Will Do For Money, by David Masters. *(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.)*: The story of renowned and ingenious frauds recounted by an author whose books on salvage and on the mysteries and crimes of the high seas are so well known to the reading public.

The March of a Nation, by Harold G. Cardozo. *(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)*: Here a gifted journalist describes his experiences during a year spent amid the turmoil of Spain's civil war. The book is decidedly biassed in favour of Franco, but is thoroughly readable with its many fine descriptive passages.

A Bonfire of Leaves, by David Whitelaw. *(Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.)*: A first-class book of reminiscences by one who has looked at life from many angles and has been the intimate friend of many celebrated authors, artists, musicians, and actors.

The Golden Century of Spain, by R. Trevor Davies. *(Macmillan. 16s.)*: In the brilliant period lasting from about 1501 to 1621 the peninsula was perhaps Europe's greatest centre of culture, and in this work, the result of much painstaking research, the author describes the course of events and their bearing on future history.

Eleanor of Aquitaine, by Melrick V. Rosenberg. *(Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)*: The first biography in English of the Troubadour Queen set against a fine descriptive background of life in the 12th century. Elinore Blaisdell's stylised drawings are a great asset to the book.

Blood on the Moon, by Linton Wells. *(Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)*: The autobiography of a soldier of fortune and gentleman adventurer, whose lust for the unknown has in the last quarter of a century taken him to most of the countries of the world.

An Inventory of the Historical Monuments in Middlesex. *(H.M. Stationery Office. £1 5s., postage extra)*: A first-class reference book for the antiquarian.

Country Matters, by Clare Leighton. *(Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)*: Some more of those incomparable woodcuts and pen pictures by an artist and writer of rare charm.

Design for the Ballet, by Cyril W. Beaumont. *(The Studio Ltd. 7s. 6d.)*: A pictorial survey of the work accomplished during the past fifteen years in the designing of settings and costumes for this stage medium.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company:

In the travel section of THE SPHERE of September 24, the Pacific Steam Line was erroneously referred to in an article as being "of the U.S.A." This was a regrettable slip and we hasten to point out that this well-known line is in fact an old established British company having been granted a Royal Charter by Queen Victoria in 1840. The reference above-mentioned was made in connection with the forthcoming voyage of the *Reina del Pacifico*, which begins at Liverpool on January 12. This cruise is of outstanding interest; not only are visits paid to the principal ports of the western and eastern seaboards of South America and the most important of the West Indian Islands, but those who travel by this liner will have the most interesting experiences of passing through the Straits of Magellan, visiting Juan de Fernandez, and of the voyage through the Panama Canal.

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LESS than seventy years ago English explorers were making their difficult way into the unknown recesses of East Africa. It was in 1861 that Sir Samuel Baker, having been anticipated by a few weeks in the discovery of the source of the Nile, found Lake Albert and ascended to the Murchison Falls. The days of Livingstone, Emin Pasha, and Lord Lugard were still to come; and a man still vigorous has related to me that when he visited the Colonial Office to discuss the possibilities of Uganda the only map available showed the "Mountains of the Moon" as a prominent landmark!

That state of affairs might well have existed two centuries ago instead of less than fifty years in point of time. Now the shores of Lake Victoria can be reached from Mombasa by comfortable trains. The comforts of civilisation are to be found in almost every place the traveller may visit.

After the changeless glare of sun on sea during the past few days it is refreshing to view the yellow beaches, blue waters, and red-tiled houses of Mombasa. The town has the interest of the old, unlike so many in Africa, and the solid, ancient houses of the Arab merchants who in past days made fortunes out of the traffic in slaves, the fort built by the successors of Vasco da Gama (who anchored here after his voyage round the Cape), and the old port are very picturesque. On the quays of the last, in particular, you will meet a score of different races, Hindu merchants, Swahilis in white robes and pill-box hats, tarbooshed Muslims and sailors from the Persian Gulf among them. Your attention will, however, inevitably be drawn by the Arab dhows which here load and discharge their now blameless cargoes. These vessels with their high sterns, which are usually highly decorated with carving and painting, are the true prototypes and successors of the caravels of the fifteenth-century adventurers.

TYPIFYING THE ARAB INFLUENCE: The strikingly carved doorway of an East African business house. Much of this work is to be found in the old quarter of Mombasa, principal port of East Africa

The journey from Mombasa to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, is a delightful experience. Leaving at evening the train crosses the causeway which connects Mombasa with the mainland and thereafter constantly changing views of groves of palms, native villages with their thatched houses, and noisy picturesque groups of gaily dressed Africans at the wayside stations pass before the windows of the notably comfortable carriages. As night falls the train begins to climb and the traveller wakes to the sharp air 4,000 ft. above the sea. It is now that he catches the first thrilling sight of the wild life of Africa.

From Sultan Hamud onwards the line skirts the great southern game reserve and now herds of antelope, wildebeestes, and ugly kongoni, parties of barred zebras, a giraffe or two, or even a lion come into view. Presently the character of the country changes; bare plains give way to rugged hills and ravines and, passing Konza where a line branches off to the great soda lake of Magadi, Nairobi is at length reached.

Nairobi is a town barely thirty years old and as such cannot compare with Mombasa for attraction. It has, though, some fine buildings in the City Hall and the Supreme Court, and you will enjoy the bazaar which is full of every imaginable object brought from Asia, Europe, and America. The bracing climate and magnificent surrounding countryside make up Nairobi's charm.

For instance the Limuru district is full of beautiful valleys below slopes thick with bracken and wattle trees covered in season with scented yellow flowers; that of Thika is made pleasant by the river of that name and the Chania stream, and the plantation houses set in fields of dark green coffee-trees, sometimes brilliant with their red berries give a comfortable impression of life in this country.

Africa is not a continent which one usually associates with snow and ice; yet Mount Kenya, ever snow-capped, is the dominating feature of the country. Its presence not only ennobles the scene, but rules the climate of this part of the world—hot sun tempered by the winds from the snows. The foothills of this 17,000-ft. mountain provide glorious scenery, possess a magnificent flora (tree ferns, bamboos, giant groundsels, and lobelias, and such like) and there are excellent shooting and fishing in the hill-streams.

Nyeri is the Government headquarters of the district, and might from its situation almost be in Scotland. Nanyuki and Meru, farther round the mountain, are both splendidly placed and in the middle of good game country.

Taking the train from Nairobi we climb 2,000 ft. higher to the Great Uplands on the edge of the Great Rift. The country traversed by this route is of remarkable beauty. Sometimes it is park-like with herds of cattle and horses standing under the trees; here the train runs through dim forests, and a little farther on the hillsides are green with tea plantations. Through Limuru we pass, and Kikuyu, the centre of a great native reserve, till the mountain of Longonot comes into view and Naivasha is reached.

Ages ago the Great Rift was a huge lake: to-day all that remains is Lake Naivasha, the centre of a glorious district. The lake itself, blue among the hills, is excellent for boating and fishing. From here it is easy to visit Ngororow Gorge, where high lava cliffs and steam jets attest the volcanic past of this region, or you may motor to the Eburru Hills. There are good hotels at Naivasha, Gilgil, and Thomson's Falls. Nakuru is the centre of the Highlands. It is close to the colossal crater of the extinct volcano of Menenga, which in places is four miles across; and near to the town is the lake, the home of countless flamingoes.

Rosy clouds of birds rise and float across the cobalt waters. You have probably witnessed the sight on the films; but the reality vastly surpasses the counterfeit record. It is difficult to leave these superb surroundings. Before we do so I must say a word about the Great Rift.

The Rift Valley is the legacy of one of those convulsions of the earth when its crust was still soft. It rivals Colorado as one of the world's great geological phenomena. You will have good views of different parts of it as we journey along in the train over a track which in its construction is not the least marvel of Africa. The enormous valley is not level but appears flat from above. A thousand feet below the escarpment the floor appears covered in scrub, which is in reality composed of the familiar African thorn trees. The expanse seems lifeless, but is the haunt of many varieties of game. We pass onwards.

Leaving the Rift Valley behind the train now climbs its tortuous way over the Giant Mau. The scenery is on a grand scale. Broken hillsides, torrents roaring hundreds of feet below, open spaces of cultivated land and thick bush are passed in turn. The line reaches its highest point at Mau Summit, and presently begins the breath-taking descent to the Nyando Valley, 4,000 ft. below. Beyond the beautiful Molo country is Lumbwa, the centre of a stock-raising district, and farther still are the Kavirondo Plains and Kisumu, the capital of the gold-mining country and a port of Lake Victoria. From here you may take ship on a circular tour of the ports of this wonderful inland sea.

Lake Victoria, placid under the sun and reflecting the many villages along its shores, with the countless birds and animals which frequent it, can be a lovely spectacle.

MOTORING MADE EASY: A more than usually informative signpost at Nyeri, Kenya. The colony is noted for its excellent road system

When you cross the boundary into Uganda the change from Kenya is soon apparent. Lying considerably lower than Kenya, Uganda has a characteristic bush greenness of its own. Its people are fine and up-standing and, after the initial troubles under which British rule laboured, it is now a flourishing country. Here, more so than in Kenya, you see a country in the making. It has flourishing towns such as Kampala, the main shopping centre, Jinja on the lakeside, and Entebbe in its lovely setting of lawns, water, and spreading forest trees. How odd it is to go to church in Namirembe Cathedral and, listening to the deep African voices, remember that not so long ago murder, witchcraft, and slave raids were common happenings in the surrounding countryside.

Uganda is rich in magnificent scenery and is particularly happy in its many mountains and lakes. Here nature is clothed in verdure: there is nothing of the austerity of Kenya's hills. The peaks of Ruwenzori tower out of a sea of leafage and the forest comes down to the banks of the Nile. A teeming wild life is an ever present pleasure to the traveller.

You should visit Mengo, the headquarters of the Native Government of Buganda where the Africans administer their own affairs, and the College of Makerere where so much is being done in the way of making the inhabitants conscious of their heritage. Visit, too, if you have the time, the Murchison Falls.

Such are some of the pleasures which Kenya and Uganda have to offer. If glorious scenery, abundant wild life, comfortable quarters, and luxurious travelling facilities do not satisfy, then the traveller is one of those people whom it is impossible to please. As a touring ground East Africa is unique.

Hugonaut

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

DRIVING THROUGH A FOREST OF ELEPHANT GRASS: Motoring on a by-road in Uganda; a land of great scenic variety and interesting wild life

'Yes . . . they're still at the GRANVILLE'

When that is said of an English seaside hotel in the late season you may be sure that the service and cooking are out of the ordinary. Such is true of the Granville at Bexhill, whose visitors enjoy also a mild climate and facilities for golf on three well-known courses. Phone No. 1437.

GRANVILLE HOTEL Bexhill

Luxury in miniature

in a lovely country house hotel with sheltered wall garden (3 acres) in the centre of Brighton. The menus—lavish, varied and English. The beds—somniferous . . . the winter terms—inclusive from 4 to 5 gns.

Sixty Six Hotel

MONTPELIER ROAD, BRIGHTON. *Tel.: Hove 1637*

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an Autumn holiday or Winter residence

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone: Folkestone 2666

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter.

Running water.

Radiators and open fireplaces in all Bedrooms.

Self-contained Suites.

Rooms with private baths and toilets attached.

Billiards : Lift

Vita Glass Sun Lounge

Lock-up Garages

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

A.A. *****

GRAND in name.

GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.

GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.

GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly. Tariff from B. Paul, Manager. 'Phone: 2234.

PEACE and CALM

Winter Residence . . . in an atmosphere of peace and calm. In days when Europe is far from calm . . . when the submarine and the aeroplane are a grim reality . . . at a time of the year when cold fogs abound, there must be many seeking a more genial climate, who would appreciate the tranquillity and smoothly running wheels of management at

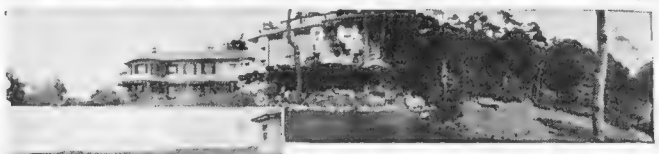
LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL TORQUAY

Special inclusive Winter Terms now available.

Write Manager, H. S. Donington-Smith or 'phone 2302.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

THE HOTEL WITH THE PANORAMIC POSITION . . . OVERLOOKING TORBAY



30 SUNNY BEDROOMS FACING SOUTH AND SEA

Three acres of beautiful grounds. One minute Spa Baths and Pier. All Beds fitted Box-Springs. H. & C., Central Heating Radiators, Electric Fires all Bedrooms. Private terraces to First Floor Rooms. Covered Veranda and Vita-Glass Sun Lounge. Tennis (hard court). Special diets if required. Send for Illustrated Brochure which gives full particulars of moderate, inclusive terms.

PARK HALL HOTEL TORQUAY *'Phone 3434.*

Mrs. P. BAGLEY, Resident Managing Director.

In Quest of

"Brighton is Bountiful"

Her Multitude

"BRIGHTON is bountiful." Every time I visit her this phrase keeps running through my mind. It sums up so absolutely all there is to be said about her. Cinemas, theatres, and shops are common to all towns, but where else beyond Brighton is there such bountiful provision for ice-skating, dancing, racing (horse, dog, and speedway); and recently she has built a Wimbledon of her own; and you have only to read her local press to realise that her civic authorities are ever looking ten years ahead of anyone else.

And Brighton is bountiful in her hotels. Everybody knows the Metropole, the Grand, the Old Ship (famous for its food), and the Royal Albion of Sir Harry Preston fame. But there are other hotels less in the public eye, but very high in public esteem, which are bountiful in their appointments, their catering, and those little personal attentions which can make or mar a holiday.

I have yet to meet Mr. Frank Evans, the proprietor of the King's Hotel, Brighton, but when I do I shall expect to see him surrounded by halos, for his hotel is held in such high regard that many of the visitors before departing take the trouble to write and express their appreciation of all that has been done for them. I quote just one which expresses very happily the pleasure of staying at the King's.

> "Leaving here is the only thing to complain about. I have known this hotel for years and it grows 'better and better.' The chef is an artist and the staff are one and all so cheerful and obliging. The food and wines are excellent and the specimens of antiques in prints and furniture all contribute to the restful atmosphere of contentment which makes leaving so unpleasant."

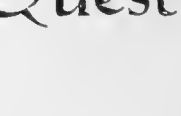
There are many hotels in both Brighton and Hove which I know only by sight. Last week I went down there specially with a view to completing my education, but though I reached Hove at 10.30 in the morning, I had, at 5.30 when I left, seen exactly two.

I had intended to look in and see Captain Hedges, at the Princes Hotel, Hove, a hotel which is so excellently managed that it requires little or no recommendation from me, but on second thoughts, feeling it was better to commence on fresh ground, my first call was on Mr. F. Kung who several months ago purchased the Dudley Hotel at Hove, which has the advantage of being just off the front and therefore secluded from traffic noises.

It is early days to say much about the Dudley, as the complete transformation which Mr. Kung has planned is not yet finished. Great improvements have been made. The main lounge has been entirely redecorated and re-furnished. Bedrooms have been re-equipped. Telephones put in every room. Many private bathrooms added and provision made for private suites.

At the rear a ballroom which will rank with the largest in Brighton, reception rooms and cocktail lounge are now in course of erection, for it is Mr. Kung's intention to make the Dudley, in its own category, the equal of any hotel in Brighton or Hove. Even without its final additions I can strongly recommend anyone who is contemplating a visit to Hove to stay at the Dudley. Mr. Kung, being Swiss-born and Swiss-trained, has all the initiation

***Pied-a-terre* . . .**



must be *comfortable*—luxurious beds and appointments in every bedroom.
must be *central*—the hotel overlooks Hyde Park and is immediately accessible to all parts of the West End and City.
must be *economical*—the terms are surprisingly moderate and offer incomparable value. All the essentials of a pied-a-terre are found at the Alexandra.

The Alexandra

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

Cadogan Hotel *Sloane Street* LONDON

Telephone SLOANE 7141

Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

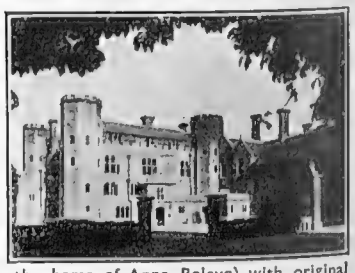
WEST WICKHAM, KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

WINTER TERMS REDUCTION 20%–25%

No alteration in Standard.

Illustrated brochure on request.



An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

n all She has to Offer
f Guests

which ensures personal comfort. With sheer enthusiasm he would not allow me to leave until I had sat in most of the chairs, rolled on a bed, walked into the boiler house to see the automatic stoker at work, been shown the new staff quarters, which I thought at first was the new visitors' wing, inspected the new kitchens, and finally been regaled with an excellent lunch which was not prepared specially for my benefit.

From the Dudley I went on to my pet discovery in Brighton, the Sixty Six Hotel, Montpelier Road, which for the sake of the uninitiated lies off the Western Road at the Hove end of Brighton. I have referred to it as my pet discovery because on the front or immediately adjacent one expects to find good hotels, but to come across a country house hotel standing in three acres of its own grounds in the centre of Brighton is, to say the least of it, unexpected.

Actually my visit was a rediscovery for I had been there previously, and the second impression did but confirm what I wrote after my first visit—"There is only one thing wrong with the Sixty Six Hotel . . . it should be renamed No. 1 Hotel, Brighton."

For anyone who wants a luxury hotel in miniature yet with the old mansion home-like atmosphere retained, and at the same time be able to enjoy all that bountiful Brighton can offer, I would suggest they go and see the Sixty Six Hotel for themselves. Whilst Mr. Kung of the Dudley Hotel is an enthusiastic Swiss, Mr. W. W. Walker, the owner of the Sixty Six, is an enthusiastic Scot, and I am of the opinion especially after my recent visits to Scotland that Scottish people are not a whit behind the Swiss in hotel-keeping.

I have recommended many people to the Sixty Six Hotel and they have all been loud in their praises. One always finds that there is great attention paid to the smallest details in an hotel which is well run, and three hours of Mr. Walker's company was quite sufficient to convince me that there is nothing he has not thought of, and yet he is always thinking of something new.

No dust traps in the bedrooms. Lights in the right places. Everything behind the scenes made easy for the staff. All the hot and cold softened water one could want. Really good cooking, really comfortable beds and three acres of garden to gaze on or stroll in with the busy Brighton front but five minutes away.

Lord Horder expressed the opinion the other day that in fifty years' time noise would be no longer tolerated. It has already been eliminated at the Sixty Six. Private gramophones and wireless sets are definitely barred, but if you want to listen to the fat stock prices or hot jazz, you can do so down below stairs in the very comfortable Tudor club, where in addition you can chase ping-pong balls, try your hand at darts, or enjoy an aperitif or a nightcap by the open fireside.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone : Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close . . .

Visitors to the West Country in autumn should not fail to stay at the Royal Clarence —an 18th-century coaching house complete with every modern comfort. Grill room. Lift. Fully licensed. Write for brochure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
Telephone 4071-2

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUIET AND QUALITY . . . Quiet in its atmosphere — exclusive, yet welcoming. Quiet in its situation—secluded, yet accessible on the crest of the cliff with magnificent views of Studland Bay. Quality in its cuisine, its cellars, and its comforts. Golf on the famous Parkstone course adjacent, or on five others close by, and a choice of restful Private Suites and Bedrooms await those who value . . . Quiet and Quality. Private Beach, Tennis, Lift, Garage for 40 cars. S. Whiston, Manager, will deal personally with your enquiries.
Telephone : CANFORD CLIFFS 797–8.
Telegrams : "Salubritas, ***Bournemouth.***"

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

LLANDRINDOD WELLS — PUMP HOUSE HOTEL
Situated amongst the wonderful Welsh Mountains.
A most comfortable hotel. IDEAL for those in health and those seeking health.
THE HONYWOOD HOTELS. LADY HONYWOOD, *Managing Director*

And this winter . . . Grove Hall
Because it's a homely hotel with crackling open fires and central heating run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. Because there's a private bathroom to every bedroom . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. Because it's but 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Because there's golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Because you will be welcomed and because the terms are reasonable and inclusive—**4** to **6** gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone: Twyford 105.
GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

WINTER HEALTH
is assured by living in this lovely, peaceful sunny retreat, 400 ft. up looking South on to Downs. 20 minutes only from town—5 minutes from the station. Central heating and a warm congenial atmosphere. Bridge. Billiards. Ballroom. Single rooms from 4 gns. inclusive; also suites and bed-sitting rooms. FULLY LICENSED.
SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL
THE DOWNS, WIMBLEDON. *Tel.: WIMbledon 0811-2*

Country-cum-Sea-cum-London-Town
5 minutes from the Downs, half-a-mile from the sea. In 1 hr. 20 mins. fast electric trains will take you to Victoria. A conveniently situated hotel for a week-end or longer.
FERRING GRANGE HOTEL Nr. WORTHING
Squash, tennis, riding "on tap." Four Golf Courses to choose from.
Further information with pleasure from the Resident Director, or telephone Goring 21.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY
An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.
Telegrams : "Sheltered, Jersey."
— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel. 17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.

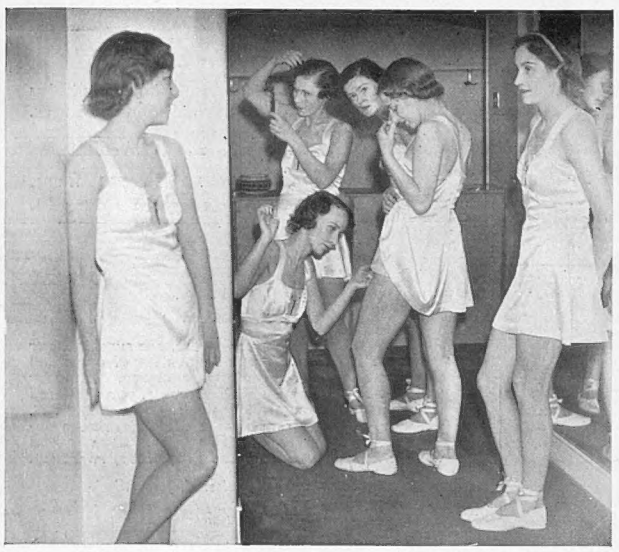
(*Continued on page* 176)

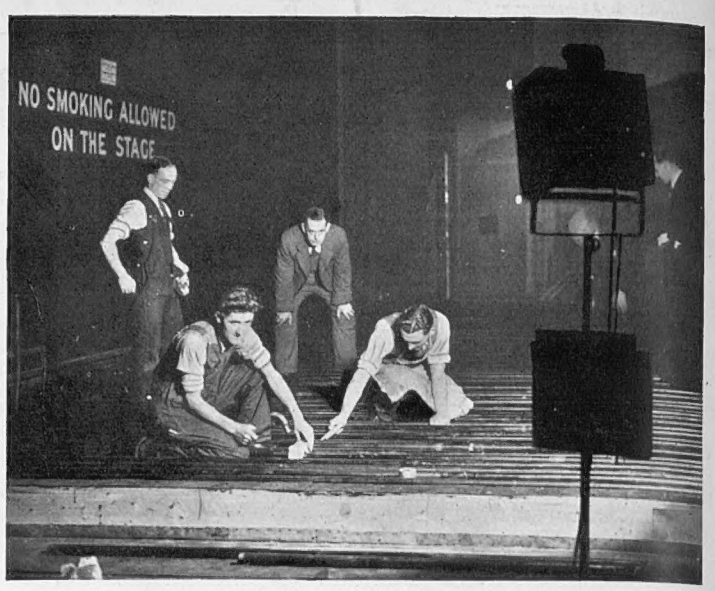
A COMMON-SENSE DIET AND SIMPLE RHYTHMIC EXERCISES have combined to make possible the slimness of these girls who are now demonstrating on behalf of the National Slimming Campaign recently inaugurated at Caxton Hall, London

KEEPING SLIM *on* BREAD *and* BUTTER

A National Campaign

RECENTLY the National Slimming Campaign was inaugurated at the Caxton Hall, London, before some 1,500 people. This campaign is designed to enable the woman who works, whether her work is at home or in the office, to keep slender and supple by means of a commonsense diet and simple rhythmic exercises. A most attractive uniform has been adopted. It is cleverly cut in washable white satin over a foundation of white wool, giving perfect freedom of movement and complete comfort to the wearer. The girls who will demonstrate the exercises are not trained gymnasts or dancers. Until three or four weeks ago they were doing ordinary jobs in offices or shops. During the last three weeks they have all been on the bread and butter diet and have been learning the exercises. They have all lost between 6 lb. and 12 lb. in weight during that period and their very apparent fitness and joy of living should speak for themselves. The girls will be seen in every big provincial town throughout the country. They leave London almost immediately and will return about the middle of November when regular classes will be commenced each day at the Imhof Hall, London, W.1. In the meantime, the Campaign Secretary will be at the Imhof Hall to deal with any inquiries.





COVENT GARDEN STAGE TO BE AN ICE-RINK: Men fitting some of the great lengths of piping when preparing the mechanism which will create a vast sheet of ice for the skating ballet, *Rhapsody on Ice*, which will be presented at the Theatre Royal on October 26. The show is on much the same elaborate scale as *St. Moritz*, now running with such success at the Coliseum. *Below*—The ice-making apparatus installed in the wings. It consists of compressors driven by 20-h.p. motors

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*continued.*

ENGLISH LAKES

Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. A.A. R.A.C

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort)
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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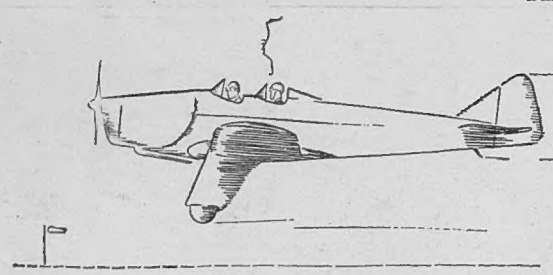

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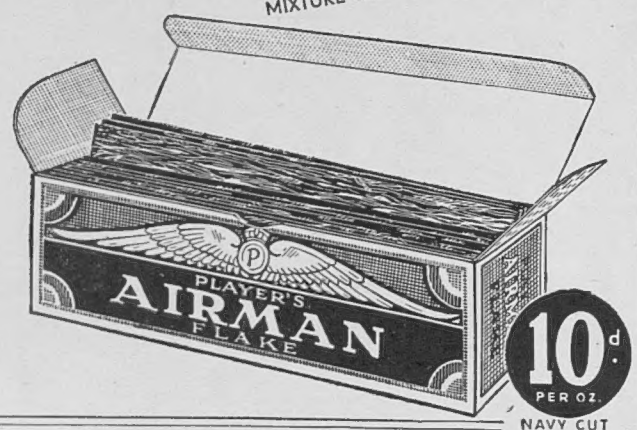

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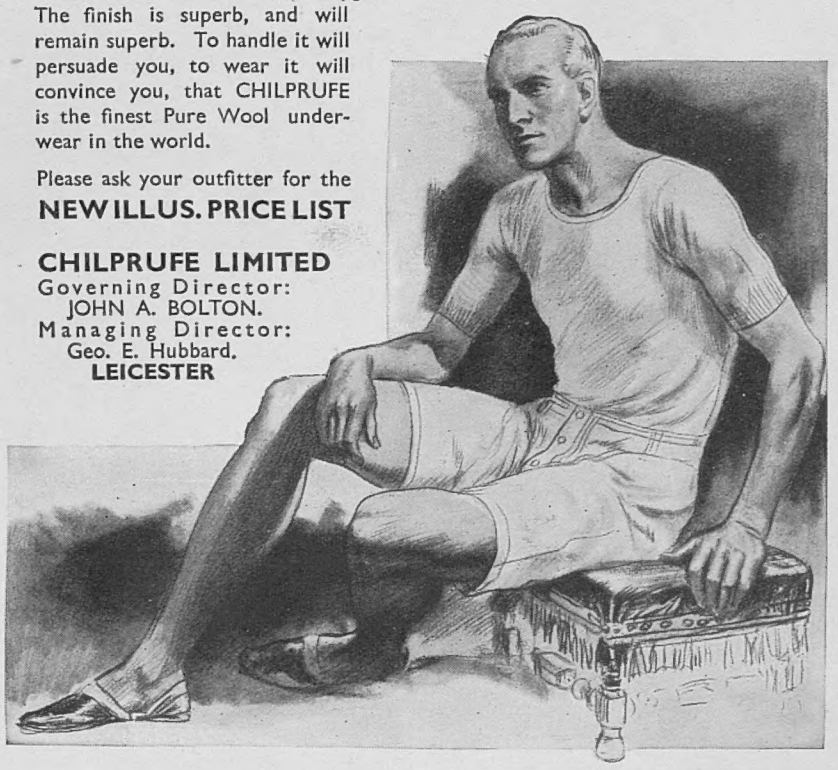

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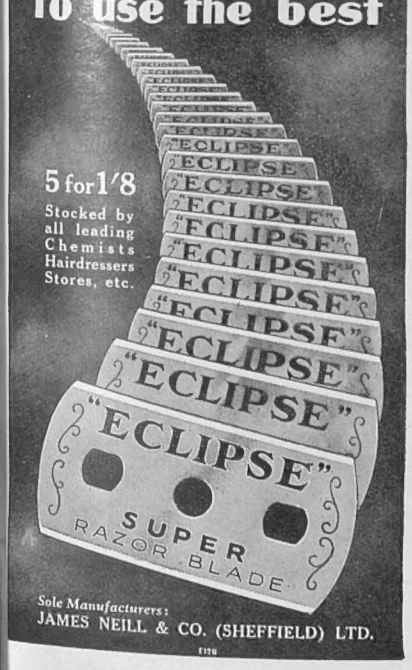

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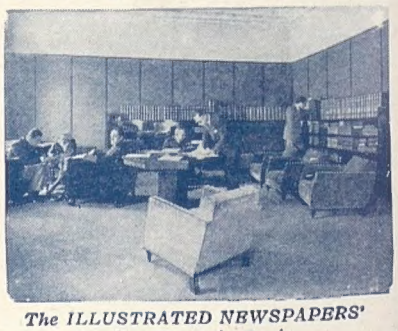

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